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April, 1974

TRUE WEST

THE BIG UN

By WALT COBURN

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Frontier Times
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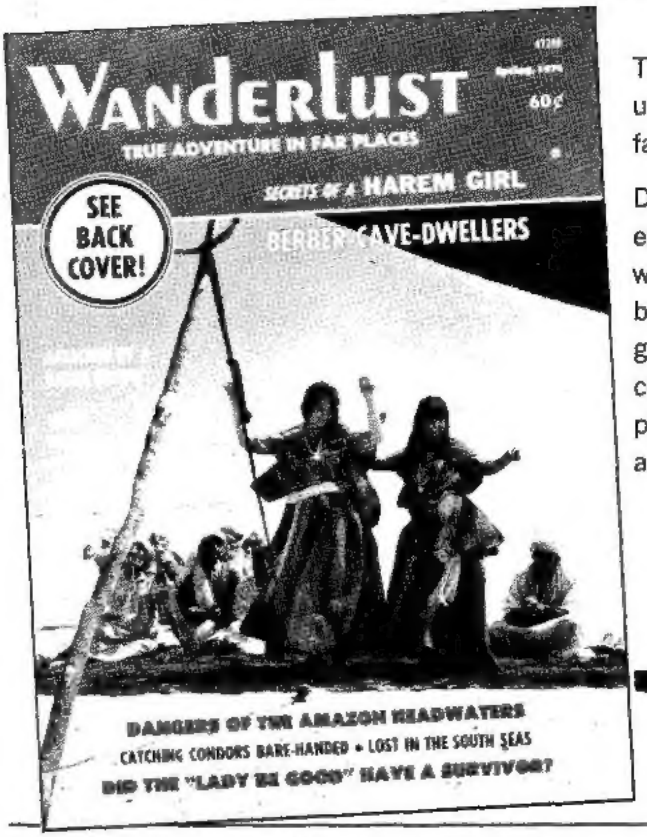
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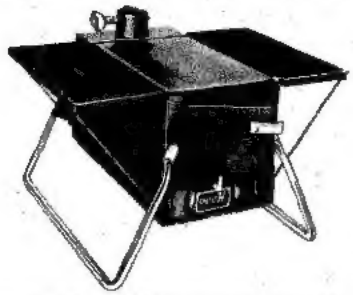

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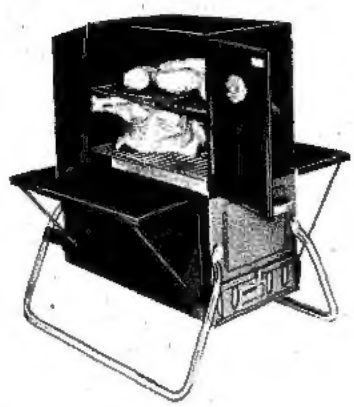

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True West

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Cover: Josef Muench

Old log cabin (formerly the Stark Home) in Pine, Arizona, just under the Mogollon Rim

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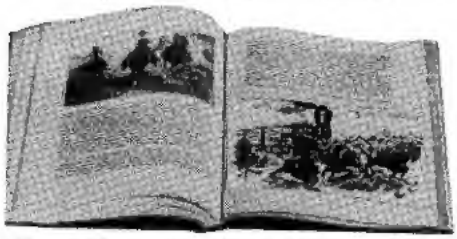

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Truly Western

Family Skeletons

In regard to your story about Boone Helm in the April 1973 issue, I knew if I kept reading I'd find a story about our area in Missouri, and thanks to you it has finally happened. I wanted to share it with some other folks so I took a copy into our local news office.

I had a call from another lady who told me she could remember her father teasing her mother about being related to Boone Helm—which seemed to annoy her mother very much. They are both gone now and she often wondered about that and was delighted to have the mystery solved.

Later we had a delightful and surprising visit from a gentleman from Paris, Missouri who in tracing his family genealogy had found that his great-grandmother was a sister of Boone Helm. He has records and family Bible with names and dates of births and deaths, etc. He and his family have visited Virginia City to see where Boone Helm was hanged.—Mrs. Neal Young, R. R. 2, Monroe City, Missouri 63456

Lone Ranger Rides Again

I am writing concerning the photo of the five leading players who appeared in *The Lone Ranger* (Republic 1938). It was stated in Mr. Manuel's letter in the "Truly Western" department of October 1973 issue that two of the actors were "incorrectly" named. This is not true, for these were the screen names that the actors were using at the time the serial was made.

George Letz was the real name of the actor who played "Jim Clark." He did not become George Montgomery until several years later when he was signed by 20th Century-Fox Pictures, who then began giving him the star buildup.

Hal Taliaferro, who played "Bob Stuart," was born Floyd Anderson and his name was changed to Wally Wales when he was signed as the star of a series of independent Westerns produced by Lester Scott's Action Pictures in 1925. He continued as Wally Wales until 1936, when he changed his name to Hal Taliaferro and switched to character roles in Westerns. To add to the confusion, Taliaferro was often billed as Walt Williams in low-budget Westerns of the 1930s.

Lane Chandler, whose name does not appear in the photograph, began his career as a leading man at Paramount in the late 1920s, switching to independent Westerns with the coming of sound, alternating between "hero" and "heavy" roles. He continued in pictures for many years following *The Lone Ranger* serial and in fact had a minor suporting role in *The Lone Ranger* feature film distributed by Warner Brothers in 1956 (Clayton Moore starred). Chandler died in Los Angeles on September 14, 1972.

Herman Brix was a former Olympic Champion and starred in one *Tarzan* film before Republic signed him as Bert Rogers in *The Lone Ranger*. Brix was in a number of serials and independent features before signing with Columbia Pictures, where his name was changed to Bruce Bennett. He was a contract player at Warner Brothers for several years following his Columbia films and was cast in several high-budget pictures, including the classic *The Treasure of Sierra Madre* (1948).

Lee Powell played "Allen King" who was unmasked in the final chapter of the serial as *The Lone Ranger*. He made several additional serials and starred in a short series of independent Westerns for PRC Pictures before joining the U. S. Marine Corps at the outbreak of WWII. Powell was killed in action against the Japanese on July 29, 1944.

In 1940 *The Lone Ranger* was re-released as a feature-length film under the title of *Hi-Yo Silver!*

I enjoy reading your magazine and would like to see more features on the Western stars, in particular those that extend back into the silent screen era.—Bill McDowell, 5102 "A" Venable Avenue SE, Charleston, West Virginia 25304

Mrs. Neal Young found the Boone Helm story in the April '73 TRUE WEST issue particularly interesting.

Courtesy the Monroe City (Mo.) News

Ripsnortin' Roundup!

Your story of Guy Weadick brought back the memory that he won second place in the saddle bronc ride at Pendleton Roundup in 1914. I had forgotten who won second on Happy Canyon. Red (?) Russell was first on Long Tom, and Art Acord took third on Speedball.

Those were the best riders I ever saw. Russell on Long Tom was the most beautiful, but Weadick could have won but his ride was not so beautiful—just rough.

The man who had just won the Cheyenne first place ride rode Happy Canyon in the preliminary. He grabbed the horn the second or third jump and hung and rattled until he was taken off. They said he was bleeding from his nose and mouth.

Happy Canyon was about the roughest horse I ever saw. Weadick made a good ride.—Daniel V. Brodhead, 937—4th Street #1, Santa Monica, California 90403

Lights . . . Cameras . . . Shoot!

George (Pete) D. Morrison was working for the railroad out of Morrison, Colorado in the summer of 1910 when the Bronco Billy Anderson and Col. Seilig Motion Picture Company came to the area to make Western pictures. Pete began working as a stunt man for the

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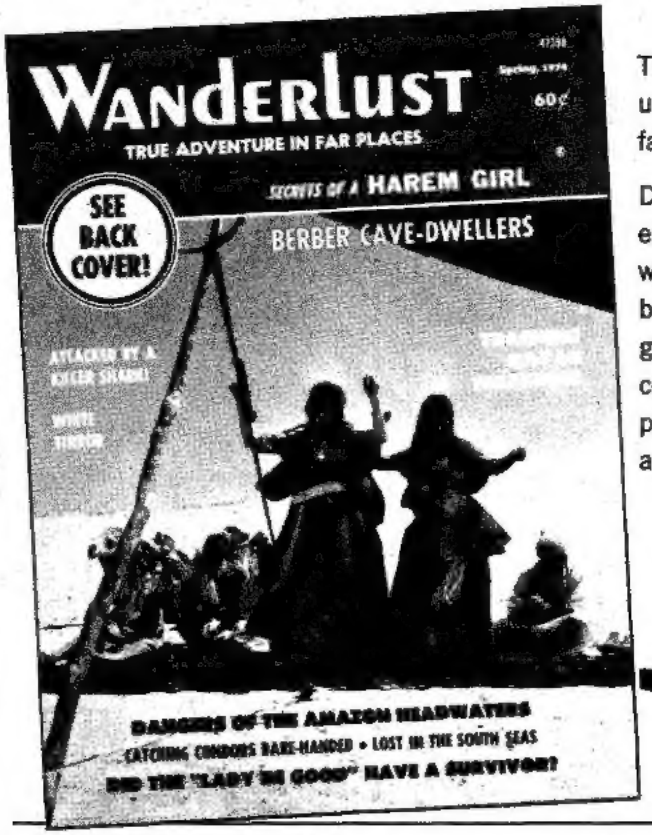
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THE BIG UN

He wasn't a lover or a fighter until one bright moon

By WALT COBURN
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Bud McCaulley

EVEN BEFORE the three judges at the Montana State Fair at Helena awarded the blue ribbon to the Hereford yearling bull being led around the ring by a short eight-foot pole with a snap that fastened in the large copper nose ring, my father Robert Coburn and his foreman Horace Brewster, both good judges of cattle, had decided that this bull had the best conformation. Judging from the markings, the kinky white hair on the head, the dark red coloration, the long back, brisket, short legs, heavy shoulders and hips, that yearling Hereford was their first choice.

The fact that the young bull had been bred and raised by Pat Burns of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, was further proof of his worth. His name was the Laird of Lanark, named for his grandsire raised in Lanark, Scotland, and the grandsire's pedigree dated back to Hereford, England.

My father had the young bull's pedigree framed under glass, and hung it on the log wall of the office at the Circle C ranch. The following year when Charlie Russell visited the ranch, he painted a watercolor of the two-year-old Laird of Lanark, and the picture proudly hung in the smoking room of our home in Great Falls.

At my father's suggestion Horace Brewster kept the yearling bull with the milk herd that numbered anywhere from ten to fifteen head of likely looking range cows. They had been gentled by Pete Olson, who did odd jobs around the ranch and tended to the milking, a lowly chore that any self-respecting old-time cowhand refused to do.

As a fully grown two-year-old bull, the Laird of Lanark was, due to careful feeding of all the hay and ten-pound lard buckets of oats he could hold, a well-fed monster, gentle as an overgrown pup.

He was known to one and all as the "Big Un" and became something of a pest around the ranch. On warm summer evenings when Pete corralled the milk cows at the barn, the big bull would amble in and lie down in a far corner near the windmill and chew his cud, his lidded eyes half closed. Above all things the handsome prize bull loved to have his back scratched with an old discarded curry comb or a stick, and his deep sighs of contentment could be heard fifty yards away. If the barn door was unfastened he'd horn it open and stuff himself at the grain bin, and if he took a notion he'd work his way through the barbwire fence into the alfalfa field. Once he got into the sidehill dugout, where the winter vegetables were kept, and it took half a day's pick and shovel work to

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ight night he discovered what he'd been missing!

dig him out from where he'd wedged in.

In the summertime when Al Taylor, the ranch cook, was busy setting the long table in the mess hall, the Big Un, tired of waiting for Al to fetch his slop pail of potato peelings, was apt to shove his head plumb through the screen door. On one memorable occasion the big bull lifted the screen door off its hinges and it hung over his neck and shoulders until it had to be hacked off with a meat saw. Every kid who came to the ranch piled on his back. The Big Un loved to bed down in the flower beds around the log houses and eat the buds and blossoms.

Times when one of the cows was in heat (or "bulling" to use the range expression) the Big Un paid the cow no never *mind*, and at the end of the summer Horace Brewster, with great reluctance, was forced to break the sad news to Robert Coburn that his prize bull was impotent, useless as a seed bull.

After holding a confidential medicine talk, the two men decided to give the Laird of Lanark one more year to show his worth. Meanwhile, during that year of probation, a Helena veterinarian was called in to give the bull a thorough inspection. When he found nothing physically wrong he agreed that the two-year-old should be given another year's trial with his milk cow harem.

Only when the third year had gone by with the Big Un showing no interest in the cows, did my father tell Horace Brewster to ship the bull to Chicago when the fall beef roundup was finished. He would be sold at auction at the Union Stockyards. Father said he'd send Charlie Robinson of Clay, Robertson Livestock Commission at Chicago the pedigree and hope that some sucker would buy him for his Eastern stock farm.

Then Robert Coburn exploded. "Next time I meet up with Pat Burns I'll give him an earful. Getting stuck for all the money I paid for that lazy damn worthless bull is no laughing matter."

Brewster grinned. "I just now thought of the comical story Charlie Russell told on himself, about his buying a good-looking cow horse from some trader in Great Falls. When he led the horse home, riding his Red Bird pet horse, he found out that his new good-looking horse was stone blind. When Russell jumped the horse trader about it in the Silver Dollar Saloon the man passed it off with a chuckle and told Russell, 'The cowpuncher that sold him to me never said anything about his being blind, and I figgered it was a secret'."

When Brewster finished the story, my father was quick to get the drift. In their cowman's code it was no crime or breach of honor to auction off the pedigreed Laird of Lanark at the Chicago Livestock Show, stick some wealthy Eastern dude who didn't know which end of a cow-brute got up first, with a worthless, useless three-year-old bull.

A FEW DAYS after Robert Coburn and Horace Brewster held their medicine talk, B. D. Phillips, a wealthy cattle and sheep man, showed up at the Circle C ranch. Despite the fact that B. D. ran sheep and his range joined the Circle C range, a strong bond of friendship existed between these three men. B. D. was six feet tall, with a layer of hard fat covering his heavily muscled frame. A ruddy-faced, fun-loving man was B. D., and fond of playing practical jokes on his friends—a gambling man at heart.

B. D. cast a covetous eye on the Laird of Lanark's framed pedigree that hung on the office wall, then turned toward my father who was reared back in an old barroom chair.

"I got my trading duds on, Bob," B. D. said in a deep voice that filled the room. "I'm willing to write out a check for what you paid for that Hereford. Name your asking price and we'll dicker."

It was Robert Coburn's chance to break even and perhaps add a few hundred dollars to boot. It was a tempting offer, a chance to even the score with his sons who had been making snide remarks about how he'd been taken, but B. D. was his friend and he wasn't about to lie to him.

"That big prize bull," my father said, measuring each word, "ain't worth the printing charges on that yard-long pedigree. The Laird of Lanark is plumb worthless; I've had him three years with nary a calf to show for it. He ain't worth a plugged nickel, Ben."

"When you get done pulling my leg,

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Part of the Circle-C hold-up herd.

Bob, I'll write a check. Name your price."

"I'm shipping the bull to Chicago, Ben, to be auctioned off at the Chicago Livestock Show, and I calculate to get a fancy price for him. I don't mind taking advantage of an Eastern dude but damned if I'll take an unfair advantage of an old-time friend like you."

"You always were a hard man to shave when it comes to a trade," B. D. said with a grin. "What's wrong with the bull?"

"Just between the two of us, Ben," Robert Coburn said, "I had a vet from Helena look him over. The vet claims there's *nothing* physically wrong with him and he should be given another year's trial, but personally I think he's worthless and I'm getting shed of him."

So far as my father was concerned that ended the argument, but Phillips wasn't letting it drop there. He agreed with the Helena vet that the Laird of Lanark needed a little more time. So Phillips made a secret deal with Frank Howe, the Circle C strawboss, who would be on the fall beef roundup. By dint of persuasion Howe agreed to cut out the Laird from the beef steers and drop him in the pasture at Phillips' sheep camp on Wild Horse Creek, a few miles from his home ranch. Later B. D. would write a check to Robert Coburn for more than Coburn had paid for the bull, and there would be a hundred bucks in the shady deal for Frank Howe.

B. D. PHILLIPS, in addition to being one of the largest sheepmen in Montana, with Phillips County named in his honor, ran a sizeable herd of cattle, both on his own range and on the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation on a long-term government permit. But the Laird of Lanark would be kept at the home ranch with the purebred Hereford cows, while the government-owned I. D. (Indian Department) registered bulls would service the reservation cows.

So B. D. and Frank Howe kept their secret deal under their Stetsons, after B. D. assured Howe that no disloyalty to the Circle C was involved and that Robert Coburn would profit in the long run.

By the time the fall beef roundup was ready to start, my father and two oldest half-brothers, Will and Bob, had left for Hot Springs, Arkansas to take in the horse races, while the youngest of my half-brothers, Wallace, had headed for the Canadian Rockies on one of his annual big game hunts. That left Horace Brewster to run the outfit, and when Brewster took his departure on the roundup he left Ed Powell in charge as foreman.

Curly-haired Ed Powell was a sort of strawboss at the home ranch and was Brewster's right hand—taking charge of the haying and fence crews, and the halfbreed crew that moved from one winter line camp to another, chinking and daubing the log cabins and barns, cleaning the cattle sheds of the past winter's gatherment of manure with slip scrapers, and repairing the willow-thatched roofs of the winter cattle sheds and the corrals. With Pete Olson doing odd jobs and tending to the milking, Al Taylor doing the cooking, and Ed Powell taking care of the ranch, Horace Brewster was free to be wagon boss on the roundup.

There were about twenty regular Circle C cowhands, along with ten or twelve reps from other big outfits, the Bear Paw Pool, the Shonkin Pool, the Long X and Mill Iron, the Milner Square and the Circle Diamond, as well as a rep from the ID outfit on the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation and the X S rep from St. Paul's Mission, and a couple of reps from Canada. All told there were more than thirty cowhands with Brewster's Circle C wagon when they pulled out from the ranch. Jack Davis, one of the best nighthawks in any man's cow country, drove his four-horse team hooked to the bed wagon. George L. Bickler, the famous roundup cook, drove the mess wagon. Pete Ferguson, the horse wrangler, was in charge of the large remuda.

According to prearranged plans worked out by the Northern Montana Roundup Association, the various roundup schedules of all big outfits were mapped out weeks beforehand as to where the moving roundup wagons would be camped from day to day. That way, the shipping dates and the cattle cars ordered in advance at the various shipping towns of Malta, Chinook or Glasgow, would not conflict with each other.

According to the schedule, Brewster's Circle C roundup would start with the country south of the Little Rockies from the Cow Island Crossing on the Missouri River, a wide stretch of rolling plains that ran into the broken badlands country, and work eastward as far as Beauchamp Creek and the Beauchamp line camp, a part of the Circle C range. Then they'd work northward on Beaver Creek a few miles below the home ranch.

WHEN the roundup camped on Bear Creek at the Veseth line camp, Brewster detailed Frank Howe and the halfbreed Joe Contway to pick up the pedigreed bull and, according to Howe's story which he told after it was over, it was an all-day's tedious chore. To begin with, the Laird of Lanark, better known as the Big Un, was very reluctant to leave his harem and the cushy life he'd

(Continued on page 44)

A small bunch of cows with unbranded calves cut from the hold-up herd near the Circle C, being driven to the branding corrals. The two poles at left and right in photo were part of the telephone line between Malta and the Little Rockies.

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SIXTY-SEVEN DAYS AROUND THE WORLD

By TANNIS SKAGGS
Photos Courtesy Author

—all to prove that Tacoma, Washington lay directly in the path of the quickest route to Europe, Asia or wherever!

George Francis Train — Courtesy Washington State Historical Society

MANY readers are familiar with the fictional exploits of the adventurer, Phileas Fogg, from Jules Verne's book, *Around the World in Eighty Days*. However, not so many know of the real adventurer, George Francis Train, who not only duplicated the event in 1890 but broke the record by thirteen days. Train claimed that he *was* the fictional Fogg, as he had gone around the world four times previously at great speed, and had in fact made the journey in eighty days, two years before Jules Verne wrote his book.

Train, or "Citizen Train" as he commonly referred to himself, was an eccentric Bostonian who became interested in the then infant city of Tacoma, Washington. He frequently submitted articles to its leading newspaper. In 1890 he approached the publisher of the Tacoma *Ledger*, R. F. Radebaugh, with the idea of his taking a trip around the world in the record time of sixty days to create publicity for the new city.

The *Ledger* fully believed that Tacoma, because of its fine ports, would be the "New York of the Pacific Coast," and Radebaugh was so taken with the idea that he offered Train $1,000 to complete the journey. The publisher wanted to emphasize to the world that Tacoma, The City of Destiny, lay directly in the path of the shortest and quickest route around the world. He especially wanted to influence Japanese trade.

In announcing the plan to its readers, the *Ledger* felt it necessary to explain that "people call him [Train] a crank, but that makes no difference. He gets there just the same."

Tension mounted as the paper headlined the prospective trip—daily—in the weeks preceding the scheduled departure date. Everyone wanted to know more about the amazing Mr. Train.

Train obliged by sending the *Ledger* his autobiography, excerpts of which read like serial adventures in a Saturday matinee:

"Train saves the life of a famous Duchess," the *Ledger* reported.

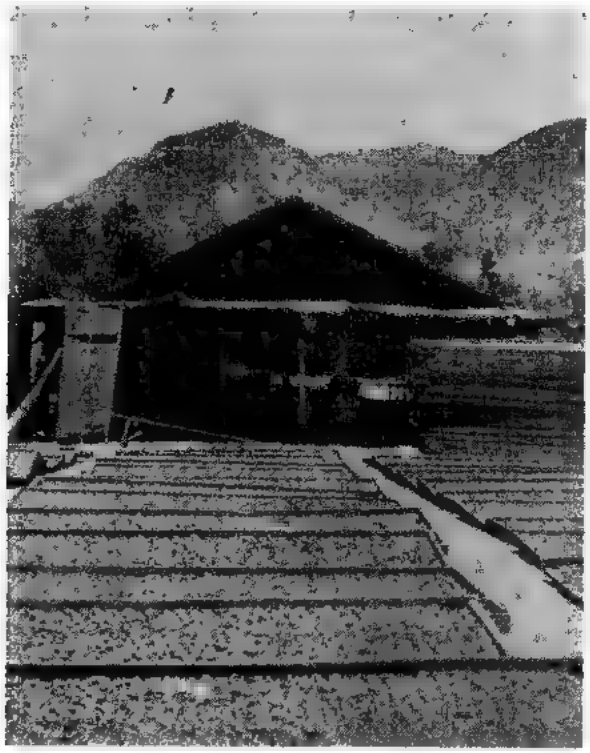
"Train is shipwrecked with Chinese Ladrones." Or he miraculously escaped from pirates. Or he saved hundreds of lives in another accident. Or Train possessed letters of introduction from Daniel Webster, Zachary Taylor and Henry Clay.

On February 22, 1890, Train wrote to Nelson Bennett, president of the chamber of commerce: "You are my friend and I am yours. City of Destiny forever! Hundred millions will soon cheer Tacoma."

"Citizen Train does not shake hands," the *Ledger* noted. "He clasps his own hands in the Chinese fashion, when meeting people." In fact, Citizen Train allowed no one, man or woman, to touch him, "although he does kiss babies and small children, on occasion."

ON March 15, 1890, Train came to Tacoma and lectured to an enthusiastic crowd who anxiously awaited him and who had paid highly for the honor of hearing him. By auctioning off seats for the lecture, $4,200 was raised. Some seats

(Continued on page 52)



Fruit Tramps

By JOHN E. TOMPKINS
Photos Courtesy Author

Above, the Hatcher Ranch pitting shed. Apricots dry in the sun on specially built flats. Below, the Hatcher Ranch fruit crew.

Old Piru town and the apricots got ripe about the same time. It was hard work and sorry pay, but it beat bumming around . . .

THE DAY was a scorcher, and five of us guys were sitting in the shade of a large pepper tree. There was a long row of them where the fruit workers camped. We had come up from Belvedere, a little burg east of Los Angeles, to work during the apricot season.

But it was foggy in the early part of June and slowed the ripening of the fruit. We were forced to hang around a few days before we could start. The work was hard and the pay was short—from $1.50 up to $2.00 per day. When I speak of a day, I mean ten long hours; so you see, even if we worked every day we wouldn't be rich when we left. Nevertheless, I had been coming up to Piru, California for the past seven years. It was an outing. Camping out was a little rough but there was always Piru Creek and a good big swimming hole near the railroad bridge, where after work and before cooking supper we could take a dip and wash off the dust and sweat.

As I said, there were five of us. Big Charlie Martin (we called him the White Hope) did a little local boxing and thought he might make the big time, but he never did. Then there was Slim Johnson. Tall, lanky, but strong as an ox, he was pretty good with his mitts. Slim and Charlie did quite a bit of boxing together, so when it cooled off in the evening they would put on a little bout for the benefit of the rest of the campers. Then there was Claude Ivery from Oklahoma, a slender wiry type about twenty years old, and Charlie Bacon from Dallas, who was always bragging about how everything in Texas was better than in California. But we would remind Charlie that he had come to California to make a living and he wasn't in the tourist class, and that would stop him for a while.

Now then, we come to me. I wouldn't be fifteen years old until November 29, and I weighed about one hundred pounds. I should have been a jockey—and would have been if my mother had let me. But the dear soul thought that it would be sinful because people bet at the racetrack. My mother had been dead almost a year but so far I had kept my promise to her not to be a jockey.

A Mr. Thatcher had the large pitting shed in Piru. He bought the ripe fruit for so much a ton delivered to the pitting shed. Three groups of people worked at cutting and pitting the fruit in this shed which was about 125' long and about 60' wide.

The workers in the first section were all Russian; the workers in the middle section were all Mexican; and in the west side were all American. Trays of cut fruit were put on small flat-cars, manned by two men, then pushed on two little tracks into a sulphur house, where a pot of sulphur was lit. The fruit was kept in the burning sulphur fumes for a few hours. This killed any germs and made the juices come up in the cup part of the fruit, and it also made the fruit a pretty orange color.

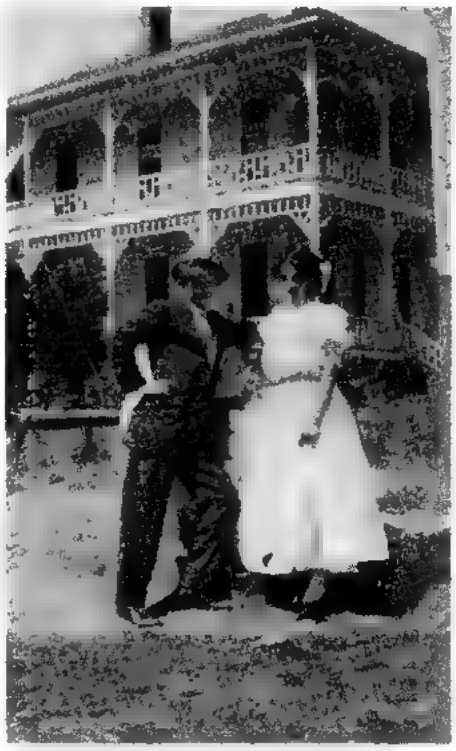
Dried fruit would be stacked up about ten trays high and left to sweat for a couple of days longer. Then the apricots were dumped into a large bin where they continued to sweat out. After that they were put into white sacks to be delivered to the warehouse for sale to the wholesaler.

James Hatcher, owner of the ranch. Hatcher was an early stagecoach driver from Ventura to Los Angeles, before the railroad came through. Later he worked for the railroad as a hunter, providing the crews with fresh meat. He also worked as a freighter. This photo was taken in 1915, after he had retired to run his ranch.

Pits from the apricots were also dried and sold. The meat part of the pit was made into various things; the kernel of the pit smelled and tasted like almonds. The pitters received 12½¢ for pitting a 48-pound box of fruit, and the average worker cut from six to eight boxes of fruit per day.

Mr. Thatcher furnished each family a tent, a small wooden table with boxes for chairs, a small wood-burning stove and plenty of stovewood, and hay for the floors of the tent to make a bed on. We furnished our own dishes, pot and pans, and bedding.

The author's sister, Grace, and brother-in-law, Tracy, in front of the Piru Hotel.



It seems we five fellows got the last of the tents, and we had a pretty good camp rigged up—a stand by a tree trunk to use for washing, a broken mirror hung above the stand for the older boys to use when shaving, and a comb tied to a string hung up on a nail. Real class!

Just above our swimming hole was a smaller one hid by the willows where the Russians took their baths. When the Russian girls went in the water, we guys would beat it up on the railroad trestle that crossed the creek, and from this perch we could see the girls swimming in the nude. They splashed around in the water and had a high old time but paid no attention to our whistles and advances.

The old town hall was turned over to the Russians. They cooked outside and slept inside on long rows of pallets on the floor. The Mexicans who weren't Piru residents camped to themselves farther down the railroad tracks under the pepper trees.

THE ONLY time this sleepy little town came to life was during the fruit season. Piru consisted of a large mercantile store that carried everything from flour to harness, a meat market, a drug store, a Spanish restaurant, a small post office, church, school, a two-story hotel, a few residences—and, of course, the railroad depot.

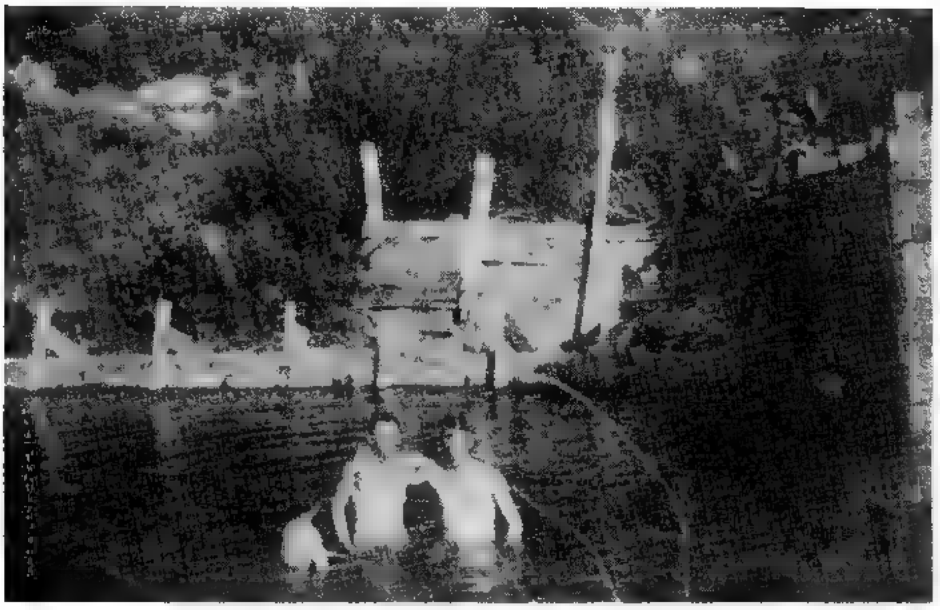
From the time I was seven years old, Mother and we kids looked forward to taking the train from Los Angeles, riding to Piru and working in the fruit. Once we camped across the Santa Clara River on a place known as the Baker Ranch. It was a cattle ranch as well as a fruit ranch. While working there we had to put our food in our tent at night or the

raccoons and coyotes would get it. This ranch was wild country in 1902.

One night my older sisters got to screaming, and woke up the whole camp. A coyote had gone into their tent after our food and had woke up the girls who were sleeping on fruit trays and hay on top of some fruit boxes. I don't know who was scared most, the girls or the coyote. When they got to hollering, the coyote tried to get out but kept hitting the side of the tent and bouncing back. Finally he found the entrance flap, and I guess he's running yet!

While we were on this ranch the cowboys rounded up some wild horses from the mountains back of the ranch and broke them to ride.

One thing about working in the apricots—it was a family affair. The men worked pulling down the fruit-laden branches while others picked the fruit. Men handled the heavy boxes, took away the loaded trays of cut fruit, and put on empty trays for the women and children to pit on. Even at the age of seven I could cut a few boxes a day. It all helped.



The swimming hole was a great place to cool off after a hard day.

MY four friends and I spent three days waiting for work to begin. To kill time we had hiked up Piru Canyon and climbed some of the mountains back of town. But we were getting restless and we were going broke.

Next to our camp, a widow with three children put up camp. There were two little girls about twelve and fourteen, and a boy about sixteen. All the tents and stoves had already been used up. All they had was a small table and some boxes to sit on—no privacy to dress. So I talked the boys into exchanging our camp for theirs. It made the widow very happy.

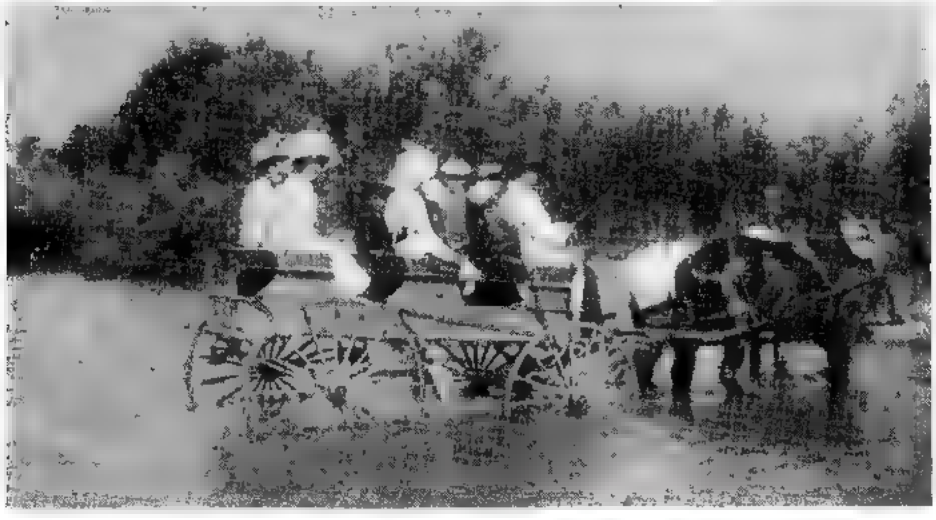
But, like I said, with no work and nearly broke, the boys were getting restless. White Hope and Slim Johnson decided to go back to Los Angeles. So, as long as they were leaving, Charlie Bacon, Claude Ivery and I decided we would pull out for the next little town west—Fillmore—about ten miles from Piru. There were two trains going each way per day, one in the morning and one in the evening. Next morning we bade the widow and her children goodbye and boarded the train.

Imagine my surprise to find my married sister Grace and her husband Tracy, and my eldest sister Lillian and her boyfriend on the train headed to an apricot ranch across the river from Fillmore. They had already gotten their job by mail, and the rancher was to meet them at the depot.

When we arrived he was there with a team and wagon. We hit him up for a job and he put the three of us on. But here again there was only one tent for my sisters and only one stove for all of us to cook on. I asked the rancher's wife if it was all right for the three of us to sleep in the barn on the hay and she said it was, so we put our bedrolls in the loft and stretched out for a good night's sleep.

When the rancher happened to pass by and heard us talking up there, boy! did he blow his stack. "Get the hell down and out of there," he said "You'll burn my barn up!"

James Hatcher and family crossing the Santa Clara on the way to see the circus at Ventura.



Claude Ivery (the Oklahoma Kid we used to call him) was a pretty rough customer. In those days most young men traveling around carried a pistol of some sort. So, as we weren't smoking and had gotten permission to be there, Claude said, "We're coming down but you'd better not be there when we get there!"

Knowing there were three of us and all of us pretty mad, the rancher took off to the house, and we slept the rest of the night on the ground. The next morning we had breakfast with my sisters.

CHARLIE decided to stay, but Claude and I pulled out. We hiked about two miles to Fillmore and took the morning train to Santa Paula, about ten miles farther west. We didn't check out our baggage until that evening as we wanted to look around the town and find out who was hiring workers.

One old boy approached us and asked if we wanted to put a couple of hours or so taking up rugs in one of his rentals. He would pay us 25¢ an hour each. We said, "Sure," and he took us over to an old house where we started taking up the old carpet. It was so full of dust and dirt that it almost choked us, so in about fifteen minutes we had had about all of that kind of job we wanted. We slipped out of the house and went back uptown, and just bummed around the rest of the day.

Just before dark we checked out our baggage and made camp a couple of blocks from the depot under some sycamores. We made a pot of coffee to go with the doughnuts we had bought earlier and that was our supper, for we only had a couple of bucks between us.

Next morning after a quick breakfast, we went back over to the depot as that seemed to be the likely place for ranchers to look for help. We hadn't been there very long when I saw a man pull up to the hitching rack. He was driving a black and white horse to a ranch wagon. This fellow was in his late fifties, with slightly grey hair and mustache, and was about medium height. He wore an old

slouch hat and bib overalls. I told Claude, "There's our man."

Just about then he spotted us sitting on the freight platform and started over toward us. When he got close he said, "Are you fellows looking for work?"

We replied, "We sure are."

"Well," he said, "put your things in the wagon. My ranch is about six miles out of town. I come into town every other day to get groceries and I can get anything you need."

He asked us if we had any money for grub and we told him we had a couple of bucks and that would last us about a week. So he stopped at a store in town and we used up the last of our money. Now we were broke, but we had a job. (I wonder how I would have felt if I'd known I was going to work for my future father-in-law!)

TO GET to the ranch we had to cross the Santa Clara River, which I found out later was the only source of water the ranch had. The old man and one of the boys would drive down to the river, cross it, turn around and come back across. On the way back they would stop in the middle of the stream (at this time of year the water would only come up to the hubs of the wheels) and standing on the brake blocks, they would dip water with buckets and fill five barrels. When the barrels were full they would put a piece of canvas over the top of each one, place a metal barrel hoop over the canvas, then hammer it down to keep the water from splashing out.

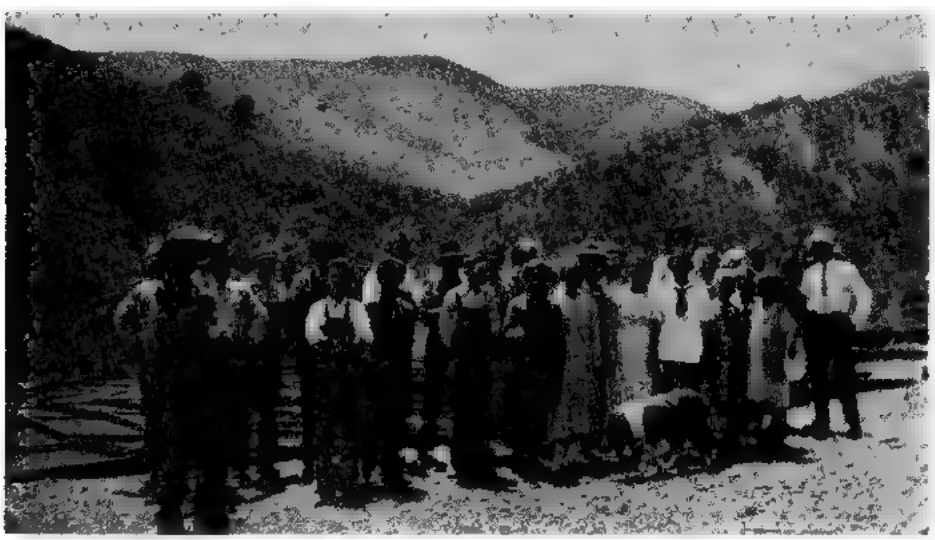
The women and girls enjoying a cool dip in Piru Creek.

This method went on for thirteen years —as long as they were on that ranch. A well could have been drilled for a few dollars and saved all that hard work, but in those days old-timers seemed to do everything the hard way.

We made camp under some pepper trees. Most ranches, as well as roadsides, were planted to pepper trees as they took no care after planting and very little water. Also the leaves were of a pattern that, although they made good shade, allowed the breeze to filter through. I guess that's why they were so popular.

The old man had seven acres of apricots, but what a crop! I never saw anything like it. The soil was rich and, since the ranch was on the northwest side of the hills, held the moisture longer. In dry farming that made the difference between having or not having a good crop. Every tree in his orchard had its limbs propped up, and I could see about three weeks' work for us.

Above, the author's sister and brother-in-law. Below, all of the Hatcher Ranch fruit workers gathered for this photo in 1919.



The next day Claude started handling fruit trays in the pitting shed, while I, being small and still a kid, had to cut fruit. Claude got $1.50 a day and I made from 75¢ to $1.00 a day.

The old man's five pretty daughters worked all around me. One in particular was a little brown-eyed beauty, and I thought, "That's the one for me." So a few smiles and winks passed back and forth and I finally got up the nerve to talk to her. She was about three months older than I was. We would both be fifteen that year—she in July and I in November.

The old man had six boys as well as six daughters (one girl was too young to work in the shed). The oldest daughter and the mother did the cooking and housework, so with everybody pitching in, the old man didn't need much outside help. It was one big happy family.

THERE WAS a swimming hole on the creek just below the ranch. What is better than a good dip in the river after a hard day's work? Afterward we would climb the trail back to camp and cook our supper. Then we usually strolled up to the ranch house and sat out on the front porch and talked.

The ranch had an old-fashioned phonograph, and the kids kept it going full blast. They also had a Jack-O-Lantern with slides. There were only a few phonograph records and slides, so about every night you heard and saw the same show over again.

Some nights we just stayed in our camp. Claude and I both had harmonicas and we would sit by our campfire and play. Some of the boys would come over and sit around and ask us about the city, etc. Seems like very few kids liked ranch work although it had its compensations—swimming in the river, being able to go out any morning or evening with a shotgun and kill a mess of quail and rabbits, having a large watermelon patch to fill up on, hills to explore, good fishing in the river, or riding in the buggy to the picture show in town on Saturday nights.

Each year the old man would take the three-seated wagon and team and take the whole family to the circus when it hit town. Then each year when Chautauqua came to Ventura, the family would go and camp in a tent on the beach and attend the meetings for a couple of weeks.

On the ranch they had their own milk and butter, cured olives, made hominy, had bee hives for honey, and canned all kinds of vegetables and fruit. There were apples in the dug-out to keep them cool, walnuts, and lima beans. They cured their own ham and bacon, and each year the old man and his boys went deer hunting and brought back plenty of meat. They salted some and made jerky out of the rest. The family was practically self-sufficient.

The old man had been an early-day stagecoach driver from Ventura to Los Angeles, and a freighter from Carson City, Nevada to Bodie, California in 1879, before he became a rancher. He learned Spanish when he was a boy, and at night sometimes he would get out his fiddle and play a few hoe-downs and

call them off in Spanish to the delight of the kids.

The three weeks went by all too quickly. On the night of the wind-up of the crop, the folks made a large freezer full of ice cream and baked some cakes, and we all had quite a time.

The next morning we rolled up our bedding and packed our few belongings and were ready for the old man to take us to town and pay us off. I said goodbye to my girl friend and promised to write her.

The old gent took us to town—of course, we had drawn on our wages to eat for the time we were there so we really didn't have too much coming—but with a few dollars in our jeans, young and carefree, we went into the hardware store. Each of us bought a dollar watch—an Ingersoll—then we bought a second-hand twenty-two rifle and a box of shells so we could kill rabbits and quail.

WE took the train to Saticoy, seven miles from Santa Paula, as we had heard there was about a week's work left in the fruit crop at a ranch across the Santa Clara River.

We always left our stuff at the depot until we were sure we had a job. The ranch we were headed for was just across the road from the east bank of the river. There was no large bridge spanning the river in 1910 as there is now—only a little wooden bridge that was good only in the summertime. High water in the winter would wash it out. Until the water receded, a person had to ford the river and that was pretty dangerous as there was plenty of quicksand in it.

We went to the pitting shed and asked for the ranch foreman, and he said we could start the next morning picking fruit. So Claude and I went out to see the orchard, and the only crew working there was a bunch of tall Hindus with turbans on their heads. We looked them over and they didn't look too friendly. Claude believed they would make it so rough on us we couldn't stay, as they would give us all the dirty work, the only Americans in the orchards.

Claude said, "Let's quit before we start," and I said, "That's all right by me," so we went back to Saticoy and got our stuff from the depot.

There was a small Mexican restaurant where we got a good hot meal, and then went to bed in a hay mound by the railroad tracks. The mosquitoes just about ate us up. Claude smoked a pipe and used Granger Twist tobacco, and I don't think any pipe tobacco comes any stronger. We took turns smoking to keep the mosquitoes away. I don't know which was the worst, the mosquitoes or that strong stinking pipe. What a night!

In the morning we shipped our blankets, etc. to Oxnard by express, and thought we would hike over by keeping to the railroad tracks as we wanted to do a little shooting with our twenty-two rifle. That venture almost ended up in a bad mishap. As we were sitting on the railroad embankment, I was carelessly fooling around with the rifle and it accidentally went off and hit Claude in the heel of his shoe. A little higher and it could have been bad.

J. E. Tompkins (left) at age 14. His friend is Charley Bacon from Dallas. Taken in 1910.

We went to Oxnard and rented a room and stayed there for a few days. It was just after the Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson fight which took place on July 4, 1910. Johnson won and there was a movie house showing his life.

In a few days we were down to about thirty-five cents over our train fare to Goleta, where we were sure we could get work in the walnut groves. While we had been at the ranch in Santa Paula, we had got acquainted with a young fellow by the name of Raymond Hole who said his father had a walnut ranch in Goleta, a ranching community about seven miles above Santa Barbara. He had given us a note to his dad, telling him we were good workers, so we thought all we had to do was show up and start

John E. Tompkins and his bride on their wedding day, November 15, 1913.

drawing wages. The only thing Raymond didn't mention was that the walnuts wouldn't be ready to pick until October. Imagine our surprise when we got off the train to find walnut orchards all around us but with the nuts as green as a gourd. We suspected then that something was wrong.

We made our camp under a nearby trestle, with a clear creek running by and lots of cottonwood trees. We fixed a meal, then hid our stuff back in the bushes and went out to find Mr. Hole's ranch, which wasn't hard to reach. We gave him his son's note and after reading it he said, "I don't know what Raymond was thinking about. Didn't he explain that the walnuts wouldn't be ready to pick until the last of October?"

Claude asked if there was any other kind of work we could get as we were about broke. Mr. Hole said he knew of no other work just then. We were in hopes he would invite us into the ranch house for a meal but he didn't, so we said goodbye to him and went back to our camp and cooked up what we had—coffee, potatoes, onions and bread.

THERE was a railroad section camp near the depot, and the boss was a big Irishman. We had our twenty-two rifle, my thirty-two pistol, and a real good hunting axe with a metal clasp over the blade for safety while carrying it in a belt. We thought we could raise some money on the stuff.

We called on the section foreman that evening about dark. He looked the stuff over and also looked us over, thinking maybe we had stolen the articles. "Well boys," he said, "I may take the pistol and axe off your hands, but I haven't any money. Let's go over to the depot agent and maybe I can borrow the money from him."

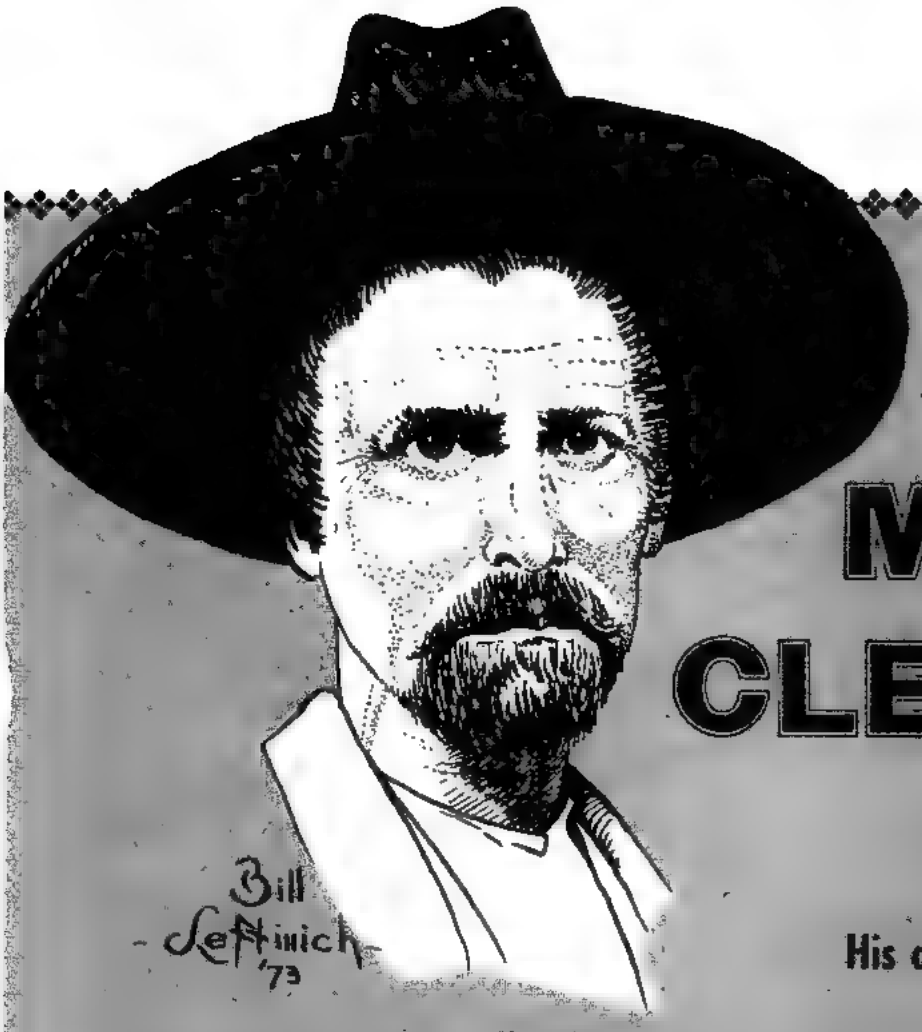
So we went along with him. I was a little suspicious of the way he looked us over. He told us to wait in the depot passenger room while he saw the agent. The ticket window was closed, but I slipped over and listened to him and the agent talk. I heard the station agent put in a call to the sheriff's office at Santa Barbara, and I could hear him say he had a couple of boys there trying to sell what he thought was stolen goods. The sheriff must have told him we weren't wanted but to hold us for vagrants. I heard the agent say they would keep us there until he sent a man on the next train that was due to leave Santa Barbara in about thirty minutes.

Well, that was all I had to hear. We almost took the screen door off its hinges getting out of there. We ran down the track, over the embankment, and grabbed our bedrolls and the rest of our stuff that was already packed. We could hear the section foreman running up the track hollering for us to come back, but we weren't about to come back and be taken to jail in Santa Barbara—and they could have taken us for being vagrants as we only had thirty-five cents between us. We swerved down the creek bottom, staying in the water and brushing against nettles and wild blackberry vines. By the time we hit the county road, about a

(Continued on page 49)

By BILL LEFTWICH

Illustrated by Bill Leftwich



Mannen Clements

THE DEATH OF MANNEN CLEMENTS

His demise was just another case of oiling a pistol with booze

TIME and retelling of how gunfights happened (by the sons and grandsons of men who were "in town" that day) have clouded the facts of western history from the OK Corral to an old barn in Ada, Oklahoma.

A newspaper account of the death of "Mannen", "Manning", Emanuel Clements, written six days after the fracas, recently found in the April 2, 1887 issue of the Ballinger (Texas) *Eagle*, should clear up some of the unanswered questions concerning how and especially *why* Mannen met his death that spring afternoon.

Regardless of previous difficulties between the participating parties, if any—the political situation or ancient feuds—his actions that day alone justified Deputy Sheriff Joe Townsend's act of apparent self-defense. Violent deaths in the Clements family seemed to be the rule: (1) Mannie, Jr., son, also killed in a saloon—The Coney Island in El Paso, December 29, 1908. The killer was never brought to trial or even identified. (2) John Wesley Hardin, cousin, killed by John Selman August 19, 1895 in El Paso in the Acme Saloon. (3) Jim Miller, son-in-law, hanged by a mob at Ada, Oklahoma on August 19, 1909.

Mannen, Mannie, John Wesley, and Jim Miller lived during a time of potential violence, when each person provided his own security, but the mixture of whiskey and gunpowder was a poor one that usually led to a cemetery. The following newspaper account is testimony thereof:

MANNING CLEMENTS KILLED

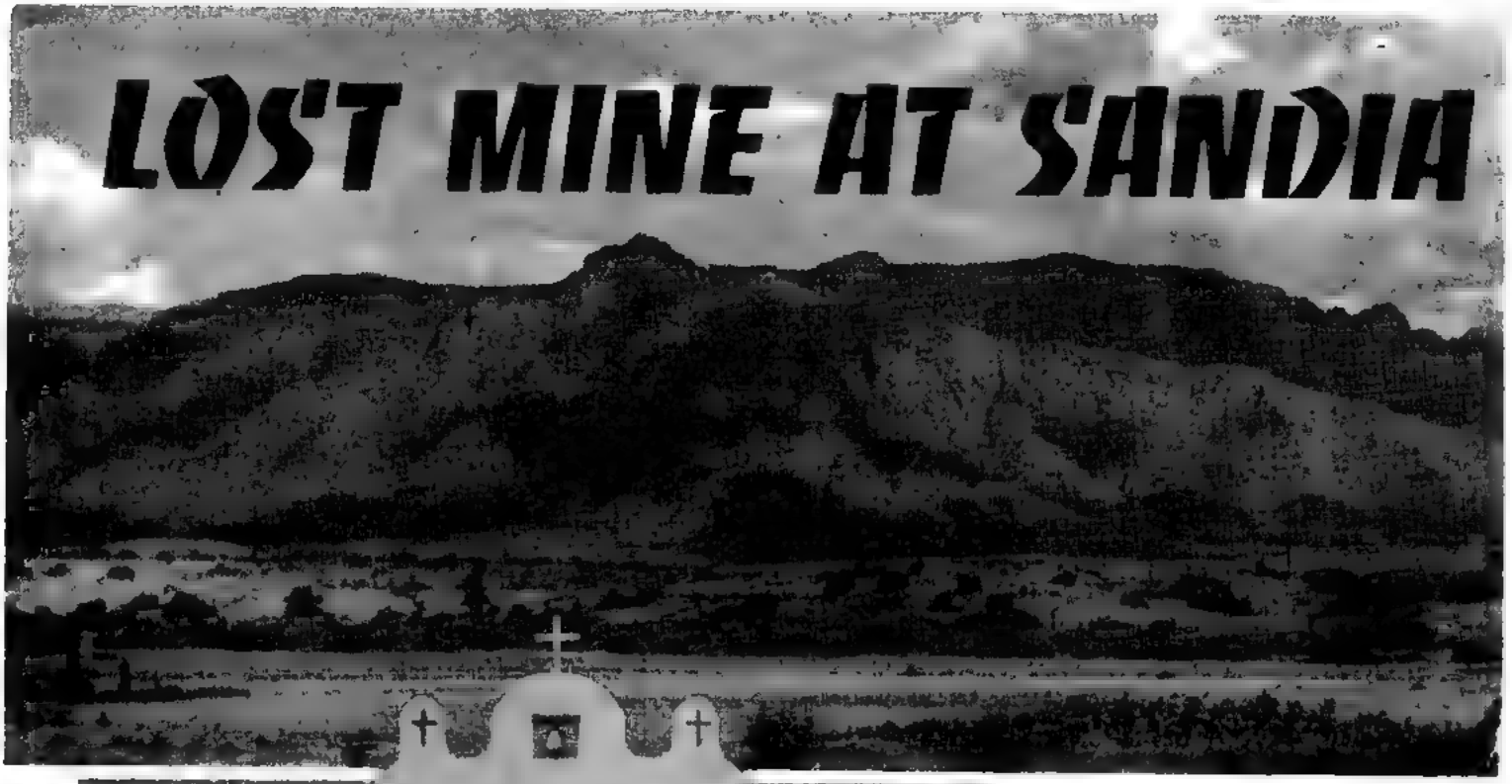
A pistol shot was heard near night Tuesday afternoon in the Alamo saloon on 7th street, and it was soon learned that the ever-present six-shooter had got in its deadly work on Manning Clements, a stockman of McCulloch county, who has been in Ballinger several weeks shipping stock. Clements was a first cousin of John Wesley Hardin, and like the noted John Wesley had sent more than one man to his long home. For the last several years [he] had led a quieter life than in his younger days, having married and settled down.

The evidence taken at the inquest by Judge Hargrove Tuesday night and Wednesday morning discloses substantially the following facts:

Deputy Sheriff Joe Townsend, Sheriff Formwalt and Manning Clements were in the Alamo saloon. The two latter had been drinking, and Formwalt had fired off his pistol in Hamilton & Conner's saloon a short while before. Townsend was endeavoring to secure his pistol. Formwalt was drawing his pistol, and Townsend seized it, when Clements with an oath ordered him to stop, and was leveling a pistol which he had in the meantime drawn, on Townsend. Retaining his hold upon Formwalt's pistol, Townsend instantly fired, the ball entering about an inch above Clement's left eye, ranging backward and upward. Clements fell to the floor in a sitting posture and immediately expired. His pistol was in his hand at full cock after he died, showing [that] in all probability Townsend only escaped death by depriving Clements of his life.

The Odd Fellows, of which society he was a member, took charge of the body and prepared it for interment and expressed it to the home of the dead man. He leaves a wife, one daughter and son.

LOST MINE AT SANDIA



Above, the old Sandia church. A straight line from the cross atop the church to Sandia Peak marked the course to the lost mine.

Many a prospector has gone into New Mexico's mountains around Indian country, never to be seen alive again

By MAURICE KILDARE
Photos Courtesy Author

THE old sheepherder was rapidly getting drunk in the *tendejon,* and talking as he did so. Sitting at the table with him, Juan Pinos kept feeding him cheap wine.

Juan's big brown face gave no evidence of how much the old man's story startled him. Gray-whiskered and gnarled, the herder had spent the summer with the Baca family's sheep in New Mexico's Sandia Mountains, and his experiences had made a rather boring recital until he described how he had very nearly lost his life that past September.

The flock was grazing peacefully on a grass-covered bench of Sandia Peak when the herder started walking around aimlessly. Discovering an opening between two great rocks, he started into the ten-foot space between them. Not more than five steps did he make before he suddenly plunged downward. Fortunately for his aged bones, the fall of about thirty feet was broken by a pile of dry springy debris at the bottom of a mine shaft.

"It was straight down, *amigo,*" the old man explained owlishly. "*Madre de Dios!* Except for those notched poles I would be there yet!"

When he described the hardwood poles cut with steps on the sides, Pinos nodded his head solemnly. He understood their significance, but the old sheepherder did not—obviously he had fallen into an ancient Spanish mine shaft. It had been worked by *Indios,* hence the notched poles or logs instead of ladders. They had used them hand over hand, feet in the notches, while carrying baskets strapped to the head or back. On the upward climb the baskets had been filled with ore.

Pinos believed it had been gold. All his life he had heard that Spanish *padres* once worked a mine on Sandia Peak with Indian slaves. That might have been in the 1700s or earlier. No man knew for certain, and by that winter day in 1898 no one had uncovered a Spanish record of it at all.

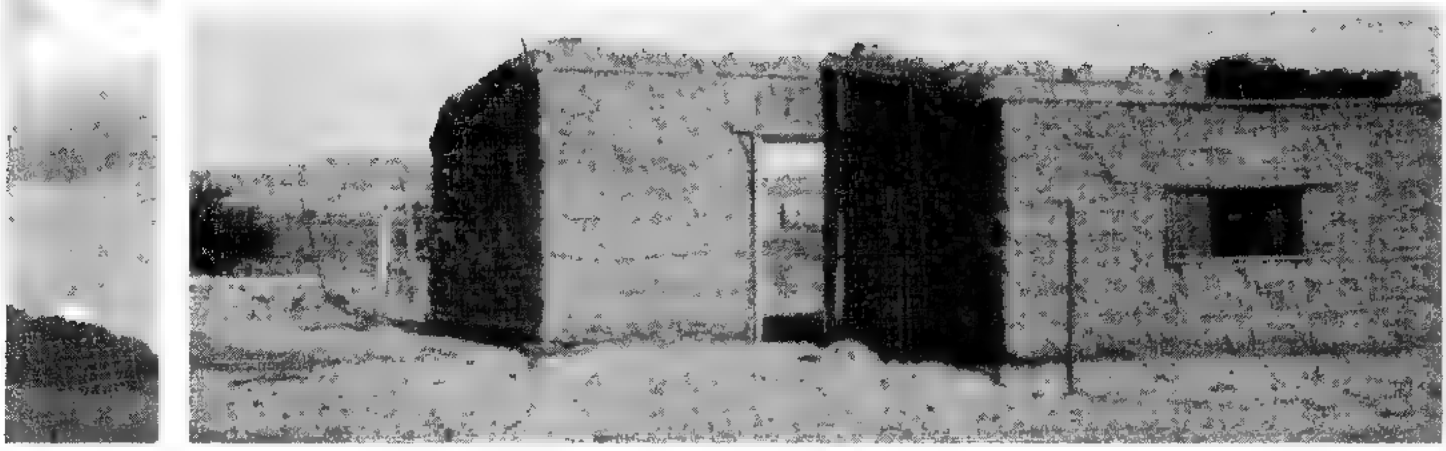
Other than folk tales handed down among Indians and Mexican families, there existed no evidence of such a mine. But there were known sites of ancient mines in the eastern escarpment of the Sandias, the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, and other ranges. Several of them had been opened up after American occupation of the Southwest in 1846. Leave industry to the *Americano,* Pinos thought, for actually they had brought wealth out of many such legendary diggings.

Since boyhood Pinos, then in his forties, had heard of a Spanish mine on Sandia Peak. It was so real to him that many times he considered seeking it and becoming rich. And now here sat a sheepherder who solemnly gave details about it.

The old herder did not consider his fall into the shaft anything other than an accident that could have cost him his life. He described the top as being covered deep enough for grass to take root and grow over the hole. Time had weakened the cover of logs underneath the camouflaging dirt until *even* the wiry little herder's weight broke through.

Until a late hour Pinos plied the old man with drink, then took him to the adobe home of a relative where he was spending the winter.

THE next day at noon Pinos returned to the *tendejons* along the plaza but saw nothing of the old herder. It was then the dead of winter; the Sandias were snowed in and no attempt to reach the shaft could be made until spring. Therefore it behooved Pinos to take care



At left Sandia Peak is the highest point in the range shown. Above, the old adobe that the herder lived in looked much like this one.

of the old sheepherder lest others hear his story. On the third day he went to the relatives home. The old herder lay in bed with the raging fever of pneumonia. Two days later he died.

His death did not materially hamper Pinos' personal plans. He had received sufficient directions to go straight to the shaft, or so he believed. In explaining how to be certain of finding it, the herder had said one should stand in the main road which passed the *pueblo* of Sandia. A line sighted on the cross of the white church to the tip of Sandia Peak would pass directly across the center of the bench where he had grazed the sheep. On it stood the ruins of a two-room adobe. South, and then east from it "just a little way," stood the two great rocks with an opening into the ground between them.

Juan Pinos about 1928.

Pinos and his wife were childless. Señora Pinos operated a chili and tortilla counter near the river in Albuquerque. He had a small irrigated farm three miles north of town on the Rio Grande. On forty fertile acres he raised beans, corn, alfalfa and garden truck, which sold for good prices in Albuquerque. With him lived his aged father who seldom left the farm for any reason.

Once the crops were planted, his father would attend to them, so Pinos waited impatiently for spring. He managed to get away the middle of May.

Packing one burro with supplies and tools, Pinos rode another up the river to Sandia *pueblo*. Sighting from the church cross to the tip of the great peak, he studied all landmarks in between. As he rode through the *pueblo* curious Indians came out to inquire about his destination.

"I am just wandering around," he told them. "Perhaps the mountains will improve my health." Afterwards he recalled that it might have been wise to have remained away from that pueblo, or any other.

After camping on the lowland the first night, he climbed upward through the foothills. Landmarks were still in order and so far, so good. As another sundown drew near he found the crumbling adobe. The flat roof had fallen in many years before and the walls were weathered into piles of mud. Going on to a small spring-fed stream Pinos discovered a permanent camp.

For the next several days he explored the terrain afoot to the south and east base of the great peak that was visible for many miles over New Mexico. At night from his camp the distant light of half a dozen villages could be seen in the Rio Grande Valley.

At first Pinos wasn't overly disturbed by his failure to locate the two great rocks immediately. Then he began to wonder, after coming across many answering their description, for no two were ever the right pair.

One day while ascending to higher elevations to make another visual survey, he came onto a place beside a huge rock where hard, rotted pieces of leather were

mixed with dead grass. Curious, he raked at them with a boot toe. More pieces were uncovered. The fragments reminded him of leather *alforkis* of a peculiar shape seen in his youth. They were used to carry heavy things from the crossed forks of a pack saddle.

With a pocket knife he dug into the soil, unearthing a fist-sized piece of dark grey quartz. When held toward the sun, large particles of yellow reflected light. Gold was a mineral that did not tarnish.

Pinos hurried down to camp. Bringing back a pick, shovel, and sack, he started digging. When sundown came he had filled the heavy cotton sack. Under varying sizes of quartz were other pieces of long-ago rotted leather. In the dusk he determined that there was no more of the ore. The sack being much too heavy to carry full, he left half the quartz behind, returning at once for the second load. Not until eating his supper of *tortillas* and *frijoles* did he experience weariness from the day's hurried work.

Pinos felt satisfied that the ore was gold. For some reason it had been left on the mountain in the leather sacks, or maybe it had been lost off animals packing from an ancient mine. What mine could it possibly be except the legendary one he had heard about all his life?

RETURNING to the spot the next morning he dug more search holes. The following day he discovered some flat rocks containing weathered traces of a long abandoned trail once heavily traveled.

Encouraged by this evidence, confident that he would find the shaft into which the sheepherder fell, Pinos hunted early and late, but even the extra day put in after his grub supply ended went for naught. Coming out of the mountains, he avoided Sandia *pueblo*, going directly to his river farm. Pinos' father refused to become the least bit excited when shown the gold-laden quartz.

"Oro!" his father asked. "It is fool's gold most surely. You will see that you have wasted your time like a dolt!"

Pinos worried all night long, entertaining some conflicting doubts himself. Bright and early the next morning he packed the ore into town and left it all with an assayer. Then he went to see his wife. After scolding him roundly for neglecting the farm, she produced a bottle of good wine to celebrate their reunion.

ON RETURNING to the assay office Pinos learned that the quartz did indeed contain gold. The assayer offered $300 for the lot, and Pinos grabbed it too quickly. (Later the *Americano* sold it for $1,200.)

Señora Pinos was most pleased with the money, declaring that her husband should waste no time returning to find the mine from which it came. However, his father took a dim view of his going back so soon. The fields badly needed irrigating and cultivating. To please his father who had given him the land, Pinos stifled his eagerness for hunting gold, and put in long hours laboring until the necessary work was completed. Never before had he been so industrious.

August had come when he finally climbed into the mountains from the south and moved in on the small stream that had dwindled to a mere trickle. He could not find the site of his former camp. Pinos found it hard to believe, positive that he had come to the right place. Yet nowhere along it in the scraggly timber on either side were there any ashes, charcoal or debris that should mark the spot.

A weird feeling of danger, and perhaps the supernatural, beset him. The first night he went into hiding, building no fire at all. The following day he climbed to where the ore had been found. Again he was absolutely certain of being at the right place. Yet no hard fragments of rotted leather were to be seen, nor yet any surface evidence of the dug holes.

Puzzled, he began poking around. Before long his shovel uncovered the very hole from which the ore had come. Halting all activity, he stared around apprehensively. An answer to the puzzle popped into his head. Someone, probably several Indians, had tracked him into the mountains, discovered what he was about, and had cleverly concealed all evidence of his presence there.

At once he retreated with his burros, going into better hiding. From cover he surveyed the mountain slopes, great outcroppings of volcanic stone and timbered places for anyone who might even then be spying on him.

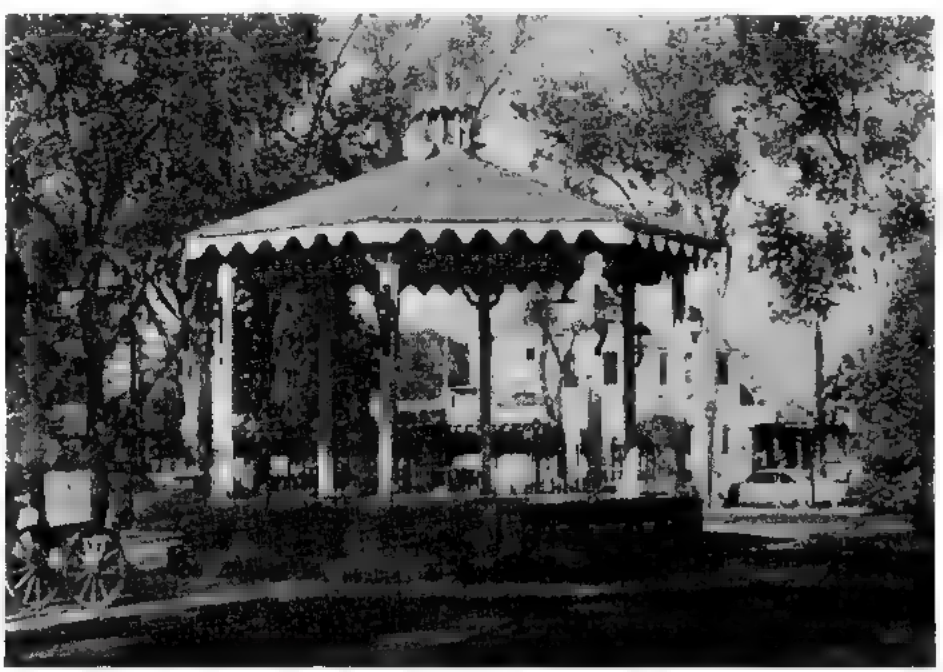
All his life he had heard how Indians who knew the secrets of lost Spanish mines and buried treasure fanatically protected them from outsiders. Such legends had been handed down for hundreds of years. Indians were reputed to have killed men to keep the secrets of buried treasure from becoming known.

Until this experience Pinos had regarded such stories as old wives' tales. Now he knew better and was frightened half out of his senses. Still, he did not propose to be scared off the hunt for untold wealth. Instead, he began to plan how the Indian spies could be outwitted.

Building as smokeless a fire as possible, he boiled *frijoles* and cooked what meat he had brought along. The beans were squeezed dry in cakes, and packed on the burros. Then climbing high onto the side of Sandia Peak, Pinos carefully

Above. Sandia *pueblo*, very near the Sandia Mountains in New Mexico.

The old plaza in Albuquerque today. This is the same bandstand as in Pinos' time, near the spot where his wife ran her stand.



chose a good hiding place. From it he could survey the steep slopes below and detect a stranger's approach long in advance.

In this camp Pinos' routine never varied. He maintained watch from dawn until noon; if detecting no movement below, he was convinced no one could come up with him before sundown, so he descended the slopes to the spot where the ore had been found.

On the fifth day of this strategy Pinos returned to camp in the late afternoon to find the throats of both burros cut. Panic seized him. Dashing into hiding, he lay there until moonrise, listening and trying to pierce the darkness. Only the mountain silence filled the air except for an occasional nightbird flitting overhead.

Killing the burros was meant as a warning that his own throat would feel the knife next if he didn't leave the mountains. This fact convinced him that he was very close to the lost mine. The Indians were greatly concerned that he would find it easily—and soon.

PINOS first thought his trackers were men from Sandia, an ancient beleaguered *pueblo* once abandoned in Spanish times, but quickly realized that they could be from any one of the villages along the river, all the way north to Taos. In fact, on further consideration, he rather discounted the Sandians as the guilty ones. Most were intermarried with Mexicans, people of his own race. If they possessed knowledge of a lost mine on Sandia Peak they probably would have gone hunting it themselves.

Pinos decided to leave that same night. Being unarmed and alone, it was about the wisest move he could make. The Indians who molested him undoubtedly had climbed high over his hidden camp from the north, avoiding detection. They had watched, waited for him to leave camp, then moved down to search. It was the only possible direction they could have sneaked in on him.

Proceeding with great caution, Pinos made his way from one type of cover to another. Daylight found him in the foothills where he felt safer. He started jogging for the river. Before nightfall he reached his farm, worn down physically and footsore.

Listening to the account, his father shrugged his shoulders. "This is the end of your foolishness, fortunately," he said. "You will not risk your life by going there again. It is always best to leave things of the past alone."

Señora Pinos, a big, rawboned woman almost six feet tall, took an entirely different view of the matter. With a little discretion and success, they could be rich, she said.

"I have three brothers who are *malo hombres!* They shall proceed there with you," she declared. "The man who bought the gold robbed you. They will see that it does not happen again!"

Manuel and Tioga Barella owned a goat ranch east of Albuquerque in the San Pedro Mountains. Her third brother, Porfirio, was a *vaquero* near Los Lunas. It took but a few days for Señora Pinos to summon them for consultation. Meeting at the river farm, the big, swarthy brothers listened to their sister's plan and were enthusiastic about seeking the lost Sandia mine.

Bad Indians? Poppycock! Such would never dare molest them, they exclaimed loudly. The most vociferous, Manuel the elder, stated that in his opinion Pinos had always been too soft, like a woman. The brothers Barella would take over. Soon they would be wealthy beyond the dreams of the most powerful *rico*.

Being of a retiring disposition, Pinos let them manage the expedition. Indeed, there wasn't anything else he could do. They spoke of the lost mine as if it were entirely their property. Pinos was included in the quest only because they needed to use him a little longer.

The party left heavily armed, taking plenty of supplies on big mules which undoubtedly would pack down a king's ransom in gold. With Pinos leading, they created considerable fanfare. Half of northern New Mexico Territory must have known of their destination.

On arriving at Pinos' last camp they found that mountain lions had devoured the burro carcasses. All the tools left behind had been carried away. No tracks existed on the ground; they had been cunningly wiped out.

Camp was made on the small stream, with no guard posted. The boastful brothers were convinced that not even the wildest Indians dared approach them. Swaggering around armed, they let Pinos do most of the test hole digging on the mountainside.

Searches were made for the two great rocks guarding the mine shaft into which the sheepherder had fallen, but nothing came of them. After repeated failures the disgruntled Barella brothers grew very impatient. Finally they made hurried unsuccessful searches themselves, and even handled picks and shovels.

At the end of a month the expedition was abandoned. The brothers angrily accused Pinos of deliberately fooling them. He surely had got the gold-laden quartz ore some where else. Maybe he even stole it from a producing mine. No lost mine existed on Sandia Peak or they would have found it, they said bitterly.

ON coming out of the mountains the disgruntled brothers went their way. Pinos settled down on the farm because he had to. The last corn was pulled, shucked, and shelled as a harsh winter drew down.

During the cold weather he stayed in town with Señora Pinos and spent his time brooding over the ill-fated search for the mine. A tantalizing belief that they must have been right over the source of the gold never left him. Perhaps the lost mine wasn't destined to be found and worked, after all.

While others poked fun at him about the "lost" fortune, Señora Pinos believed in it implicitly. She had seen the quartz before he was robbed of the gold by a slick *Americano*. She never once abandoned her hope that they would become rich by finding it. She kept after Pinos all the time to resume his search, making his life especially miserable after the crops were planted in the spring. Finally he decided to make another attempt.

(Continued on page 47)

At left, Miss Emily Morgan dressed for extremely cold weather at Nome, Alaska in 1924.

ANGEL OF THE YUKON

First-hand account of the famous and dramatic race against time—"carrying the serum to Nome"

By CHARLOTTE M. OFFEN
Photos Courtesy Author

Author's note: In late January 1925 Nome, Alaska was stricken with an epidemic of diphtheria, often referred to as the "Black Death." Practically all the civilized world watched and waited through five anxious days as a lone doctor and four nurses, together with the entire population of 1,429 persons, some 455 of whom were Eskimos and half-breeds, worked and prayed for the arrival of antitoxin which was being brought in by men and dog-teams.

Here, now, for the first time is the exclusive story of Miss Emily Morgan, Red Cross public health nurse, and her experiences as told to me a few months before her death on May 9, 1960 at the age of eighty-two years.

"ON THAT fateful day of Wednesday, January 21, 1925 in Nome, I visited a half-breed child whom I'd been called to examine. The parents explained she'd fallen downstairs and injured her neck. Her face was flushed and when I looked at my thermometer after removing it from her armpit, I found it registered 101 degrees. A heavy dark membrane covered her tonsils. This greatly alarmed me.

"I hurried back to the Maynard-Columbus hospital where I worked, and reported my finding to Dr. Curtis Welch, the only doctor in town. He looked grave. After a thoughtful moment he asked, 'Could it be diphtheria?'

"'Yes, doctor, it could be. But I've never seen a membrane as dark as this one in any diphtheria cases I've attended.'

"Doctor Welch had spent eighteen

years in Alaska, first as a gold prospector, then as doctor. Now he looked worried and said he'd go right out and examine the child, who later died." Thus the first known case of diphtheria was diagnosed that bitter day in Alaska.

Emily Morgan, forty-seven, visiting public health nurse in Nome, had been assigned to that post by the Red Cross in 1923. She first had been sent to Unalaska to work in a hospital being planned for that area—plans which were abandoned soon after her arrival. She then was assigned to Point Barrow where she remained about one year until fate decreed that she go to Nome, where she would become a national figure through her devotion to a stricken populace.

Earlier, while working as public health nurse in Wichita, Kansas for two years, Emily Morgan had attended several cases of diphtheria. In fact, she herself contracted the disease and was ill for some three weeks.

"But," Miss Morgan explained, "caring for patients in cold faraway Nome was quite different from Kansas where we had plenty of doctors and hospitals."

It was Emily's experience as public health nurse in Wichita that brought about her Red Cross appointment in Alaska. "There were three fine nurses at Maynard-Columbus Hospital," she said, "but none had done nursing in crude home surroundings such as I had often encountered. In my more than forty years of nursing, however, the Nome epidemic stands out most vividly in my memory.

"The little town had been shut in by the Arctic ice pack for three months. Our only means of communication with the outside world was by telephone, telegraph, or dog-teams. There had been four deaths among children from an unknown cause. Now when Doctor Welch, at this fifth home, diagnosed the sickness as diphtheria, we all were horror-stricken, fully aware there was only a small supply of antitoxin in reserve.

"Doctor Welch called on the town mayor and the chairman of the Red Cross, who immediately called a meeting of influential persons in Nome. They in turn formed a health committee with instructions to do everything possible to prevent the spread of the disease. All schools and meeting places were closed immediately.

"Wire communications to Washington, D. C. and Anchorage, Alaska, revealed that 300,000 units of antitoxin were in reserve at Anchorage, at the Alaska Railroad hospital. Arrangements were made to have this serum sent by train to Nenana, and brought from there to Nome by dog-teams. Drivers of the teams were placed at strategic points along the route, waiting to pick it up and bring it on in. These men, chosen as the best and most experienced drivers in the North, were instructed to be prepared for instant take-off. Nome was 1,000 miles from Anchorage. At that time no airplane had dared venture across that bitter expanse of Arctic ice and snow in winter.

"MEANWHILE, my work was cut out for me. I had to do what I could while waiting for the antitoxin, possibly a matter of eight or nine days. The fastest time heretofore by dog-team had been nine days.

"It would be up to me or Doctor Welch to administer the serum, both that on hand and the 300,000 units on their way. My experiences through the next five days in searching out the seriously ill and giving shots of serum while it lasted, and in keeping an eye on those exposed, were varied and unique.

"For my outside work, instead of the regulation uniform I wore woolen underwear, a woolen dress, heavy sweater, two pairs of woolen hose, topped off by a fur parka and high-top mukluks (fur

Miss Morgan's graduation photo from the Epworth Nurses Training School of St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1908.

boots), to combat the cold that ranged as low as 50° below zero.

"My medical bag held a clinical thermometer, tongue depressors, several tubes of antitoxin, some candy to tempt the children, and a flashlight. The sun sets in winter at 3 p.m. and rises at 10:00 o'clock a.m. It was my duty to visit any home where there was sickness, or anyone suspected of being ill. Many times Doctor Welch accompanied me on these house calls. My work mainly was among the Eskimos and half-breeds, as most white men in the North at that time were unmarried.

"Eskimos lived in one-room shacks (not igloos) with small shed-like entrance-ways called caches. A cache was used to store food and harnesses for the dogs. The odor wasn't always inviting.

"In the house proper, built-in bunks served for beds at the far end. If there were several members in the family, these bunks were three-deep. The remainder of the room was used by the family. The women did the cooking (both for the family and for the dogs) and the always needful fur-sewing. The men made and mended dog harness, and carved ivory. With child-like simplicity, these people trusted us through previous visits to their homes and looked to us now in time of need.

"At this stage of the epidemic there had been four deaths. There were twenty-two known cases of diphtheria; some fifty other people had been exposed. It was the business of the health authorities to contact every family in the area and then my duty to follow up with my trusty needle.

"One of my first visits was to the home of Billy Blackjack, an Eskimo. His small daughter, Vivian, was ill. Billy and his wife were sitting in their customary cross-legged fashion by a small pegleg table which stood about an inch off the floor. They were eating dried fish, dipping each bite into a dish of stale seal oil. I hadn't bothered to knock, as it was the custom for callers just to walk in.

"Vivian was tucked neatly into her bunk. Her sharp black eyes stared at me defiantly; her lips were compressed tightly. I knew by the redness of her face that her temperature was high. She became noticeably uneasy as I placed the thermometer under her arm and later removed it to look at the figures. When I brought out the tongue depressor she closed her lips more tightly. I asked that she open her mouth, but she would not. At that, her mother started to my rescue, and the child asked for a drink of water. I smiled at her and in a low tone told her mother I would not force her. But with a temperature of 104 something had to be done.

"Vivian finished her drink and handed the cup to her mother. Then in a pleading voice said, 'Mother, let us pray.' Her mother calmly knelt by the bunk, and I, while surprised, knelt also. She prayed in Eskimo, and then we all repeated the Lord's Prayer in unison.

"The prayer ended, Vivian looked straight at me and opened her mouth. I examined her throat which showed all the indications of diphtheria. She took the shot of serum without flinching and to my amazement said, '*Quiana*,' which in her language meant 'Thank you.' I studied the bright little face with admiration and told her, 'You are more than welcome. I hope you will be better in the morning.'

"Giving her a small toy, I went on my way. The next morning I found her much improved, and I left the home with heartfelt thanksgiving.

"ONE of the patients I visited, Doctor Welch did not attend. This child was among those first diphtheria cases, before we knew what was causing the illness. The family lived on the Sand Spit, about one and one-half miles from the center of town. The missionary had requested that I go see the sick child.

"I had no way of getting there but walking; however, I went as soon as I

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could leave the hospital. The family lived in the customary one-room shack. I found the mother sitting cross-legged on the floor, sewing a fur garment. A girl of about ten years was playing with a doll just behind her. The father sat cross-legged beside a small pallet on which lay a sick child.

"'Why is your child lying on the floor instead of in her bunk?' I questioned him.

"These houses were poorly constructed of any material that could be utilized—boards, tin, scraps of driftwood, etc. There were cracks in the walls and floors which made the entire inside cold and drafty.

"'No savvy,' the man replied, shaking his head.

"I called to the other child whom I knew was attending school and would be able to speak English, and asked her to explain to her father. After a brief conversation, she told me her father had said that no person was allowed to die in a bed where others would be obliged to sleep. At that I recalled hearing that the Eskimos would not permit a baby to be born in bed. The mother was always placed on a pallet on the floor. This, then, was true in death as well as birth. Greatly concerned for the sick child, I spent an hour watching over her. She was much too ill for a thorough examination.

"Back at the hospital I informed Doctor Welch that I didn't believe there was any hope for the child—and the next morning the missionary informed me the little girl was dead.

"A couple of days later I went with the doctor to another home to give the old antitoxin. This dwelling was larger and, instead of bunks, there was a bed. However, for the sick child the parents had fashioned a bed in an old Morris chair, with the father sitting close by. Doctor Welch gave the antitoxin, first to the patient then to the father, mother, and two other small girls.

"Concern for this family caused me to return early the next morning. As I neared the house a small Eskimo boy ran to me and said, 'You are too late. Mary has gone to heaven.'

"I told him I was very sorry, but proceeded toward the door. I heard pounding in the house and, upon entering, found the father on his knees by the dead child. He was fashioning her coffin from some rough boards which a neighbor had given him. To me this seemed shocking. I asked if there was not someone else who could make the coffin. He explained that since they were quarantined no one would, or could, come in to help, but that a neighbor had brought a sled and three dogs with which to take the body to the cemetery. Feeling compelled to assist him, I knelt and did all I could toward finishing the crude box. All the while the mother continued her cooking and housework, seemingly oblivious to her daughter's death.

"When we finished the coffin, the sorrowing father used the child's parka to neatly line the bottom, then placed the little body inside. All the bedding on which she'd lain, together with her clothing, were placed with her in the coffin.

"I watched in silence until he'd completed his work, then said, 'You can't dig a grave in this frozen ground.'

"Slowly he shook his dark head. 'White man has morgue in which to put their dead but Eskimo bury in snowbank until spring.'

"Together we placed the coffin on the sled and I watched with tear-filled eyes as he took the sad journey to some distant snowbank to bury his child. Often in cases where there was no lumber with which to build a box, the body, securely wrapped, was buried in a snowbank—but before spring arrived, some hungry animal would have dug it out and devoured it.

Miss Morgan gave an illustrated lecture for her church group in 1950, telling of her experiences as a nurse in Alaska.

"THAT same afternoon I received an appointment as 'diphtheria nurse.' By this time the outside world had become aware that Nome was under quarantine and a desperate call had gone out for help. We were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the 300,000 units of antitoxin from Anchorage.

"The day before we were told to watch for the serum, I was called to the home of a Mr. Winters, a mining company official. This house was as modern as a northern home could be made—steam heated and spotlessly clean. A boy of seven, with a temperature of 103, was in one room; the mother was in the living room nursing a year-old baby. She was also running a high fever. I said to her, 'I've got two shots of antitoxin left. I'll give one to you and one to the boy. We expect more in the morning when the dog-team gets here.'

"But Mrs. Winters, brave soul that she was, shook her head. 'No, give one to my son, but you may need the other for a child before the antitoxin arrives.' I went ahead and did as she suggested.

"At 5:30 o'clock Monday morning, February 2, Gunnar Kassen came staggering in behind his half-frozen dog-team with the precious life-saving serum. That was a joyful day in Nome. The antitoxin was frozen solid, despite valiant efforts on the part of the various drivers to

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prevent it. However, with temperatures dipping below fifty it was not surprising that it had frozen.

"No time was lost in thawing it out. We had pinned our hopes on that serum and now we had it! However, Doctor Welch hurried off a radiogram to the U. S. Public Health Service in Washington, D. C., who sent immediate reassurance that the serum would be unharmed by freezing. The 300,000 units would be ample to innoculate 150 persons.

"Taking a supply of antitoxin, I set out on my rounds, going into the homes of Eskimos, miners and mining officials, attending everyone who needed serum. That first day I gave 40,000 units—1,000 to each child. After that, I lost count and cannot tell how much more I, or the others, gave. We worked desperately to stop the spread of diphtheria.

"At the Winters home I found the boy much improved, but the mother was not so well. I gave her 10,000 units, and the year-old-baby 1,000 units of the new antitoxin. The serum we'd used at the beginning was more than five years old and we had been doubtful as to its effectiveness; so we breathed a sigh of relief when we found it still was good. The Winters children made a rapid recovery, but their mother, due perhaps to the delay in getting the serum, did not regain her full health for several weeks.

"NOW with sufficient serum, Doctor Welch gave orders to give every child who'd been exposed a protecting shot. This, as might be imagined, was a most grueling task. I had to administer it to nearly every Eskimo child, and they numbered well over one-hundred.

"One of the largest families was that in which there were eight children, all under twelve years of age. When I explained the reason for my call, every child began to cry. The room was small and the noise was deafening. However, the mother calmly picked up the youngest child and threw it over her shoulder, while the father held its feet.

"Each child screamed at the top of his or her voice as the needle penetrated the flesh. When all eight had been inoculated and I started putting things back into my medical bag, everything suddenly became quiet. I gave each one a piece of candy, and to one I gave a small wooden box which had held the antitoxin. This little boy of five, with a sweet smile, asked, 'Are you coming back tomorrow?' When I explained it would not be necessary, their bright faces fell—and my heart grew light at the thought that I'd made friends of eight children, as well as their father and mother.

"One stormy night a young miner, whom the citizens had christened 'King Oscar,' appeared at my door and requested that I come with him to see his partner, Carl, who was ill. Without fear or hesitation I quickly donned my furs.

"Oscar led the way through great drifts of snow to a small cabin. I found the man delirious, with a temperature of 104°. The usual 10,000 units of antitoxin were administered, and I stayed with him for an hour or more until he quieted down. On returning home at 10:30 p.m. I

(Continued on page 53)

REMEMBER WHEN WE ALL ACTUALLY LIVED SOME PLACE?

By STEPHANIE COOPER SHULSINGER

Part V

NEBRASKA

Alda (Hall Co.)—named for the first pioneer child born in the town.

Bancroft (Cuming Co.)—after the remarkable George Bancroft, historian, statesman, teacher, author, lecturer, politician, and patriot.

Battle Creek (Madison Co.) –named for a nearby stream, site of a battle between the Army and the Pawnee Indians in 1859.

Bee (Seward Co.)—for the second letter of the alphabet.

Broken Bow (Custer Co.)—a broken bow was found on an old Indian campsite nearby.

Burr (Otoe Co.)—named for a grove of burr oaks.

Cadams (Nuckolls Co.)—the contraction of C. Adams, a banker.

Carroll (Wayne Co.)—honors Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Champion (Chase Co.)—for Champion S. Chase of Omaha.

Cornlea (Platte Co.)—means "cornfield."

Crab Orchard (Johnson Co.)—for an orchard of crabapple trees.

Doughboy (Cherry Co.)—after the nickname of American soldiers in World War I.

Elba (Howard Co.)—sloppy English for "elbow," or a curve in the road.

Filley (Gage Co.)—for the town's founder, Elijah Filley.

Fontanelle (Washington Co.)—honors an Indian chief, Logan Fontanelle.

Garland (Seward Co.)—honors a World War II soldier, Ray Garland.

Gross (Boyd Co.)—named for an early settler B. B. Gross.

Hazard (Sherman Co.)—when it was asked if "someone would hazard a name for the town," someone suggested "Hazard."

Juniata (Adams Co.)—a tribal Indian name, from "Tyunayati," meaning "projecting rock."

Keystone (Keith Co.)—a cattle brand.

Leshara (Saunders Co.)—named for Pita Leshara [Petalesharo], a Pawnee leader. "Leshara" means "chief" in Pawnee.

Lexington (Dawson Co.)—named for the site of the first Revolutionary War battle, where "the shot heard 'round the world" was fired.

Lindy (Knox Co.)—honors "Lucky Lindy," Charles A. Lindbergh.

Loup City (Sherman Co.)—in French means "wolf," the French name for a subtribe of the Pawnees.

McCool Junction (York Co.)—named for a railroad executive, D. McCool.

Macy (Thurston Co.)—a coined name, made of letters from Omaha Agency.

Newcastle (Dixon Co.)—supposedly Gus Smith, who lived in the first house built there, called it his "new castle."

Norfolk (Madison Co.)—on the North Fork of the Elkhorn River, North Fork was contracted to "Norfolk" by the post office.

Oakland (Burt Co.)—named for John Oak, who owned the land.

Octavia (Butler Co.)—honors Octavia Speltz, a farmer's wife.

Ohiowa (Fillmore Co.)—from "Ohio" and "Iowa."

Ong (Clay Co.)—honors Judge J. E. Ong.

Paddock (Holt Co.)—for Nebraska's Sen. Algernon S. Paddock.

Papillion (Sarpy Co.)—from "Papillon," French for "butterfly."

Prairie Home (Lancaster Co.)—the local post office was located on somebody's prairie homestead.

Primrose (Boone Co.)—for an early settler, David Primrose.

Randolph (Cedar Co.)—honors Lord Randolph Churchill, father of Sir Winston.

Surprise (Butler Co.)—local settlers were pleasantly surprised to find such good land.

Ulysses (Butler Co.)—for U. S. Grant, who much preferred the nickname of "Sam."

Wahoo (Saunders Co.)—the local name for a shrub known elsewhere as "burning bush."

Wauneta (Chase Co.)—somebody's original idea of how to spell "Juanita," after the popular song.

Weeping Water (Cass Co.)— for a nearby creek, which was called "l'eau qui pleure" ("Water that weeps") by the French.

Wynot (Cedar Co.)—the story persists that this name resulted from the question, "Why not name it Wynot?"

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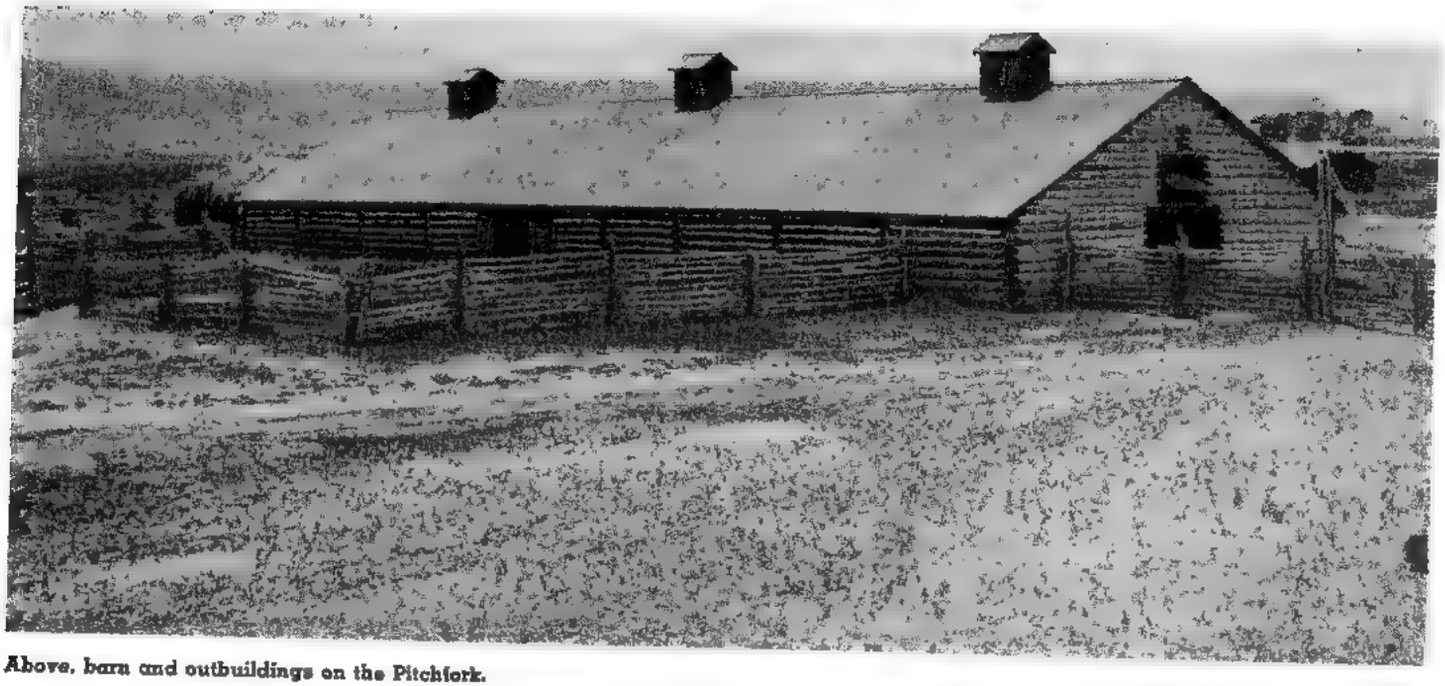


Above, barn and outbuildings on the Pitchfork.

OTTO FRANC

RIDDLE OF THE PITCHFORK

By VERA D. SABAN
Photos Courtesy Author

"THERE ARE too many people in this country already," declared Otto Franc in 1896. The cattle baron, in making this statement, was refusing his support to Otto, the small settlement on the Greybull River named for him, in its bid to become county seat of newly organized Big Horn County in north-central Wyoming.

Such a stand might appear normal for the typical big cattleman dedicated to

Below, the main street of early-day Meeteetse, Wyoming.

Courtesy Stimson Photo Collection; Wyoming State Archives & Historical Collection

At a time when cattlemen were battling for their economic lives, the owner of the range along the Greybull River was still struggling to make up his mind. He didn't like homesteaders, but he couldn't hate them either!

Courtesy Stimson Photo Collection; Wyoming State Archives & Historical Collection

At right, Otto Franc, founder of the Pitchfork Ranch and a cattle empire. Below (right), cattle graze on the Pitchfork in northern Wyoming.

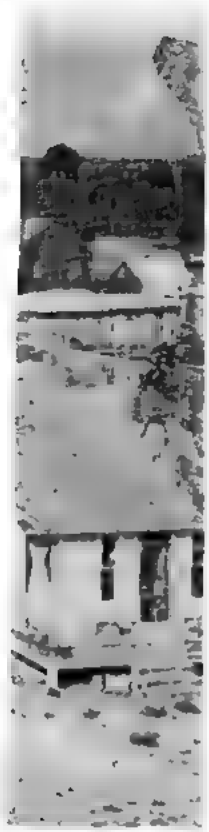
fighting an influx of homesteaders, but Otto Franc, rather than fighting the nesters, had helped them even though he voiced his objections to more people—evidence of one puzzling phase of this man.

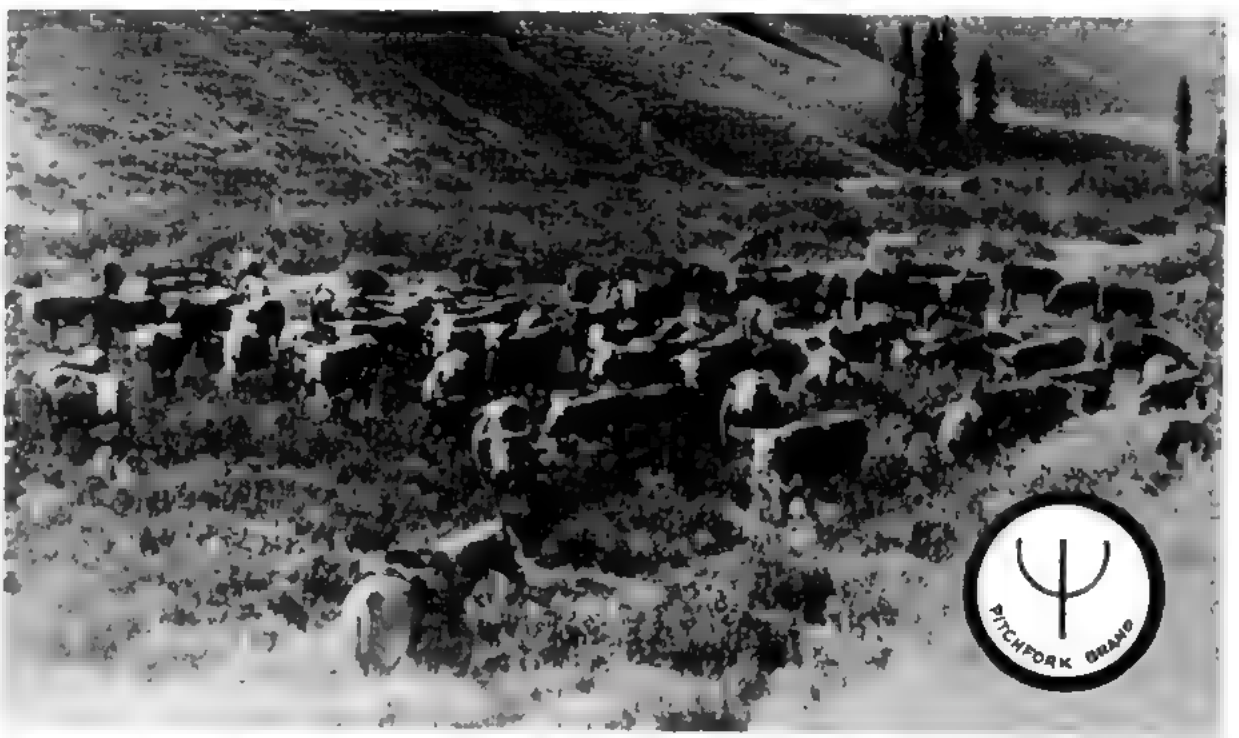
The honor of having a county seat named for him might have secured the help of a man of vanity, but to Otto Franc it mattered not that the town of Otto lost the election; he cared nothing for such renown. His interest was solely in producing cattle and for that purpose he had founded the famous Pitchfork Ranch, forty miles south of the future site of Cody.

By 1878 the big outfits had claimed most of the rangeland of Wyoming. Only the Big Horn Basin was still virgin territory, isolated by mountains on all sides, the Owl Creeks on the south, the Big Horns on the east and north, the Absoraka Range on the west. Drained by the north-flowing Big Horn River, fed by clear streams plunging from the encircling mountains, this valley was a cattleman's dream with grass stirrup high, abundant water, protection from the elements and easy winters.

IT HAD to happen. Soon, even with marketing difficulties, cattle spilled over into the Big Horn Basin. Between 1878 and 1886 big outfits, some owned by foreign or absentee investors, claimed this rangeland and founded their ranches. By 1886 there were 300,000 cattle in the basin, most of them owned by perhaps a dozen outfits. Otto Franc was one of these cattlemen, and he lived the last years of an era, and saw its passing, the era of the cattle king.

Born and educated in Germany, Otto Franc came to New York in 1866, when





Courtesy Stimson Photo Collection; Wyoming State Archives & Historical Collection

The Pitchfork Ranch seen from Pawhawpo Butte.

he was twenty, and engaged in the wholesale banana business with two brothers. It was a profitable enterprise but Otto became ill and doctors advised him to try the high dry climate of the West. To a young man, enjoying the luxuries and advantages of city life, the prospect must have been bleak. But he went West, investigated the possibilities for profit in the cattle business, and succeeded in interesting his brothers in the venture. They stipulated, however, that Otto should personally manage the business for at least five years.

In 1878, with a man called Texas Jack as a guide, Franc rode throughout the unsettled Big Horn Basin. Then he chose his spot, an area far up the Greybull River on the western rim of the basin. To the northwest were the mountains of Yellowstone, set aside as a park six years earlier. The county seat serving the basin was 350 miles away.

A year later Franc brought cattle in from Montana, chose his brand, the Pitchfork, and the location of his ranch headquarters. So the Pitchfork was founded, destined to become one of the most famous and successful in the West.

The young foreigner founded his ranch, regained his health, and turned what seemed like bad luck into good. His almost phenomenal success, against the odds of initial ill health and inexperience in the livestock business, reveals another puzzling aspect of this man.

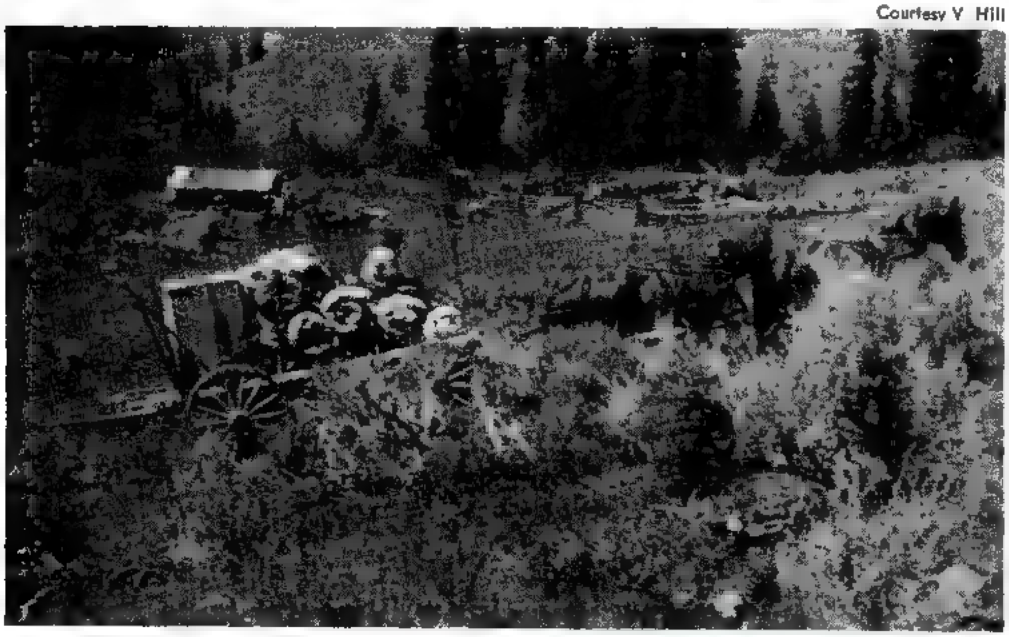
Others, of course, were discovering the Big Horn Basin, truly the last frontier. The year before Franc arrived, Charles Carter had come from Oregon with a herd and settled on the Stinkingwater (now the Shoshone River), sixteen miles southwest of future Cody, with a brand called the Bug. Captain Henry Belknap, an Englishman, arrived the same year as Franc, and located on the South Fork of the Stinkingwater. In the nineties, part of this ranch, the well-known TE, became the property of William F. Cody, the famous Buffalo Bill. Henry Lovell, with his ML brand, claimed the range in the northeast part of the basin. To the south there was Captain Robert A. Torrey, with the Embar (M-) on Owl Creek. Other ranches were founded on the west slopes, and to the east cattlemen claimed the land on the slopes of the Big Horn Mountains. The cattle business flourished, with the big outfits of the basin numbering no more than a dozen. Otto Franc, with his Pitchfork, became one of the four biggest.

As soon as surveys could be made, Franc took up all possible land claims. By 1896, when he bought out his brothers' interest, Franc possessed 1,600 acres of deeded land. No doubt he acquired some, as many ranchers did, by buying out the claims of cowboys who worked for him.

But the big advantage to this early cattleman were the thousands of square miles of rangeland where the Pitchfork cattle roamed with those of other outfits of the basin. At its peak the Pitchfork

Below, setting up a roundup camp in the Big Horn Basin.

Courtesy V. Hill



has been estimated to have run between 15,000 and 25,000 head of cattle.

DURING his first years, Otto Franc, with other cattlemen, found marketing to be the big problem. He trailed his beef herd south, then over the Owl Creek Mountains, with a drive of more than 200 miles after leaving the rim. Point of Rocks was usually the Pitchfork shipping point, but in 1883 the Northern Pacific reached Montana, and Billings became the shipping point for most of the beef produced in the basin. Otto Franc leased range on the Crow Reservation near Billings and, some time prior to shipping, his beef herd would be trailed to that range to fatten.

Thus in the early eighties the cattlemen reigned supreme in the Big Horn Basin, with their punchers and their roundups. The nearest spot of recreation for the Pitchfork crew was Arland, on the Greybull River a few miles down from Pitchfork. At first, in 1884, it was only a saloon owned by Vic Arland, but soon a store, post office, and hotel with a dance hall, were added. When the roundup wagons reached a place like Arland, or later Meeteetse, the cowboys relished the diversion—drinking, gambling, fighting, shoot-outs, and horse racing. With the arrival of a few women, an occasional dance gave these men of the range an opportunity to really whoop-'er-up.

And, as one puncher later declared, the only law was Otto Franc. An early justice of the peace, Franc's jurisdiction covered an immense territory. He traveled 150 miles to take the oath of office the first time he was elected. His influence was remarkable, another surprising thing, since Otto Franc weighed but a hundred pounds.

Sometimes, of course, justice got waylaid, but perhaps, in his wisdom, Franc managed it that way. At a dance in Arland on Christmas night in 1887, a drunken cowboy called Big Nose Johnson was killed. The four women at the dance were important, and when Big Nose got in the way of Sagebrush Nancy and her partner, Red Palmer, Vic Arland shot him with a buffalo rifle. Arland was taken to Otto Franc for a trial. But, it is told, liquor was plentiful, the original purpose of the meeting became sidetracked, and Arland was never convicted.

Since Big Nose Johnson evidently wasn't especially popular, and Vic Arland operated a business vital to the community, there apparently were no objections to the outcome of the trial.

A favorite food of Otto Franc was eggs, and he enjoyed them at all seasons, having them shipped in, in wooden cases. It seems that when some citizen came to an unexpected end, Otto Franc donated his egg cases to make a coffin. Red Palmer and B. F. Wickwire, whose early-day exploits are well known in the basin, built such a coffin for Big Nose Johnson. "Our worst trouble," said Palmer, "was to find the nails." With caskets in short supply Franc's appetite for eggs fulfilled a definite need.

One fall when the Pitchfork outfit was just completing the roundup a cowboy rode into camp and demanded a meal. He had been drinking heavily. The cook immediately began cutting some steak, but the irascible puncher opened fire and killed him, then turned upon another cowboy, but this shot was wild. The intended victim reached for his own weapon and killed his assailant. Presumably more egg cases were needed.

(Continued on page 57)

Courtesy V. Hill

Above, a log schoolhouse in the Big Horn Basin area.

Homestead cabin in the Big Horn Basin.

Courtesy V. Hill

Charley Ross and his youngest daughter, Ida, about 1910.

By ALBERT S. GILLES, SR.
Photos Courtesy Author

Charley Ross broke with tradition. He rode for a white man!

HAD a certain Comanche boy, Che-appy, not been an orphan without anyone to "look out for him"—that is, hide him when the Indian Agency's employees were rounding up children to send to the new school being established at Carlisle, Pennsylvania in 1880—he possibly would have grown to adulthood with bitterness in his heart, a chip on his shoulder for the white race, and I wouldn't have met a rather wonderful character.

But Indian Agent, P. B. Hunt of the Fort Sill Agency, sent this boy to Carlisle with his roll name, Che-appy. Charley's original name is lost. At least a surviving daughter, Ida Rose Cato of Riverside, California, and a surviving son, Given N. Ross of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma have no knowledge concerning it. Charley told them this story as to how he acquired the name Che-appy, one of the many ancient words that expresses a sentence or a phrase: "Poking something down from a tree with a stick." It could be fruit, or something that had blown or been thrown up and caught on the limbs.

Charley caught a horse running loose around the Agency, and was riding it. A horse soldier with a long sword ordered him to get off. When Charley didn't obey, the soldier drew his sword and poked him. Charley, turning loose all holds, fell off the horse. This tickled the older Indians watching, and they promptly renamed him Che-appy.

This had to happen prior to the making-up of the Comanche roll in June 1875, as he was enrolled under that name and given a birth year of 1863. This means simply that the government clerk enrolling him figured Charley was around twelve years old at the time.

A Comanche may not name himself. Neither may he drop a name given to him, no matter how distasteful it may be. There are a multitude of what generally are termed "dirty names," but an Indian couldn't rid himself of an undignified name until he earned another. That is to say, until he did something spectacular, like on the war trail or a hunt, resulting in his being *given* another name.

Of course, white teachers could not be expected to handle the Indian names of their students. It became customary to give each new pupil an Anglo first name or, as it was called, a school name. Che-

appy drew the name Ross, and in the letters exchanged by Captain Richard Henry Pratt, founder of Carlisle, and Agent Hunt, the boy was variously referred to as Ross Cheape, and Cheapy Ross. In one letter Captain Pratt wrote, "Cheape was out for a while during harvest. Was praised for his excellent work."

Captain Pratt tells in his book, *Battlefield and Classroom*, of how he would give Indian students, both boys and girls, what he called outings—jobs with the German farmers. They got along well with the Germans, were paid a small wage, and it helped the young Indians to be at ease with white people. One of Charley's such outings was as a stock boy for the Wanamaker store in New York. He delivered merchandise from the ware room to the different sales departments.

One account found by Norman C. Holmes, former Tribal Relations Officer at the Anadarko Agency, places Charley's return to Indian Territory as 1884, with him working at the Chilocco Indian school. Then he is reported working for Texas cattlemen. It is Charley's children's understanding that he went to work for Samuel Burk Burnett, rancher, in the fall of '84. Even after I went to the Comanche country in March 1902, the Burnetts had a reputation for getting along with the Comanches and other Indians. He rented graze from them through Quanah Parker, prior to the Indian Department's taking over all such leasing to cattlemen. According to Mrs. Cato and Given Ross, Charley apparently was proud of his association with Burnett and Tom Waggoner.

Little Ida Ross

Charley Ross on left, and a relative, Black Star. Taken about 1888.

CHARLEY'S children were given this account of how he received the name Charley. A group of cowhands were eating their evening meal, sitting around a campfire for warmth and light. Burnett was there, directly across from Charley, and called him to come and sit by him. With the other cowboys as an audience, he told Charley he didn't like his Indian name, Che-appy Ross, and was giving him an all white-man's name. "You have a white man's education. You have a white man's job and draw a white man's wage. You should have a white man's name. Now, your name is Charley Ross." Of course he remained on the Agency roll as Che-appy.

Mr. Holmes caught another glimpse of Charley's past during his research. He married Tits-se-na Mi-he-suah, by Comanche custom, and went to work for a Wild West show in 1889. There is no record as to whether he returned to work for the Burnett ranch. The family has a photo taken, they believe, during his cow punching days. They let me have a copy made of this picture. It is of Charley and a distant relative, Blackstar, horseback. The children have no information concerning Blackstar, other than he went to work for Burnett while Charley was there.

It is my personal opinion Blackstar might have died before Allotment time in 1901. His name doesn't appear in the Agency records. I began living among the Indians in March 1902, and sooner or later about all of the Comanche names for miles around found a place in our store ledger. Even if I forgot the person, I couldn't forget as romantic a name as Blackstar. Neither do I have any recollection of blood relatives of Charley Ross. He had plenty of relatives, but all in-laws.

Charley and his family belonged to the Native Baptist Church (American), organized at the Deya Mission. It is located on Blue Beaver, between Lawton and Cache. The Mission was established several years before the country was opened for homesteading, and carries the name of its founder. Charley Ross and his wife are buried in the Mission's cemetery.

I was early convinced that Charley had dedicated himself to be the catalyst between Comanche and white man. With neither understanding the other's language, difficulties arose easily and often. Somehow, when the differences were referred to Charley, he soon smoothed them out. Yet he was not mealy-mouthed towards the whites—justice must be done the Indian.

An Indian's taking a job as a cowboy, even in my time, was unheard of. Lots of young Anglo men got jobs on the ranches to the south of us during the busy season, but I never saw a Comanche so employed. It was too great a break with tradition. The Comanche was intensely individualistic. It was considered a double breach for one Comanche to employ another. All Comanche men were excellent horsemen, and many were trained ropers.

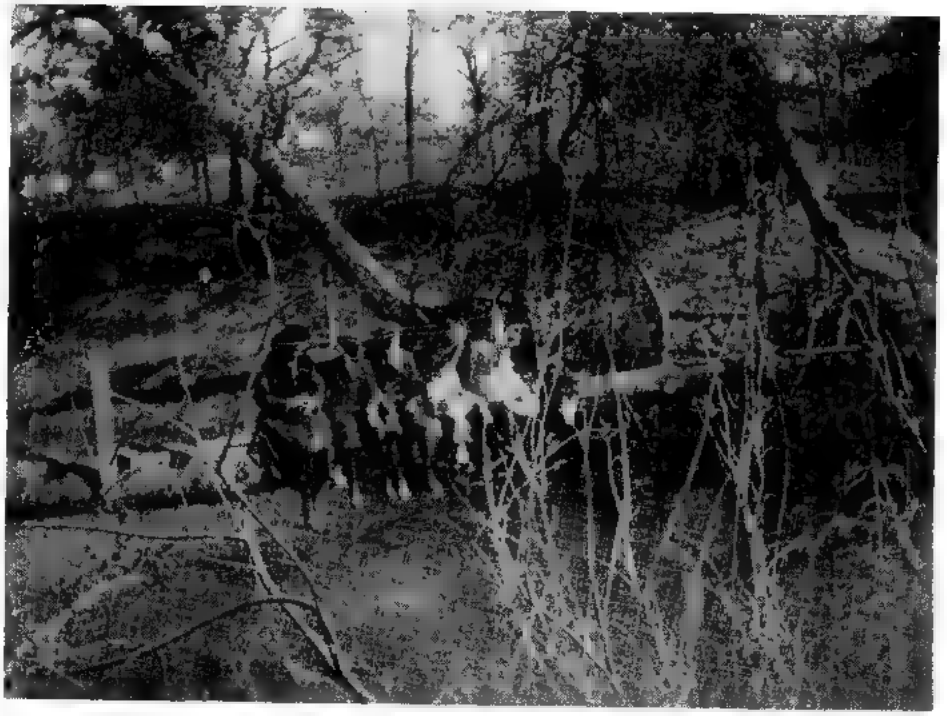
Most stores would have gladly hired a young Indian woman or man as a clerk-

(Continued on page 63)

By MINNIE LEA ROGERS
Photos Courtesy Author

UNTAMED ONION CREEK

It's always been a pretty little stream, but with small regard for people or animals along its banks. When a thunderhead gives it a chance to reach up and grab something—watch out!



At right, a footlog over Onion Creek, near Camp Ben McCulloch Camp Grounds, about 1918. Below, Thomas Martin, Sr., first postmaster at Driftwood, Texas. Martin also ran the first cotton gin, and a small dry-goods store. Born February 1, 1821, he is shown here at age 76.

Courtesy Mrs. Nola Martin Harding

The first Driftwood Post Office was located near the home of Thomas Martin (shown) near Onion Creek. People in the photo are believed to be Martin's wife and two of his sons.

WHEN white families began to settle in the northern part of Hays County in Texas, many of them built their homes as near Onion Creek as they dared, in order to be near a constant source of water for themselves and their livestock. Most of the time the creek was a placid stream, flowing along steadily, fed by numerous springs along its way; but at times it became a torrent washing away everything in its path. Families who settled near it built on high ground or far enough away from it to be out of danger or so they hoped.

Onion Creek is a tributary of the Colorado River. Its main fork, called North Onion, rises in southeastern Blanco County about a mile from the Hays County line. It flows through the northern part of Hays County in a southeasterly direction and joins with a shorter fork, South Onion, near the town of Dripping Springs. From there it proceeds across Hays County into the southern part of Travis County and empties into the Colorado below Austin.

There have been some tragic instances when it was found that settlers had not built wisely enough. (Even today Onion Creek will claim a victim if it can.) In 1882 J. F. (Jake) Roberts and his family were living on a high bluff overlooking the junction of the two forks of the pretty stream. Below them lived a family named Taylor, whose home was nearer the creek on more dangerous ground.

Mr. Roberts was a prominent early-day settler of the Dripping Springs area and was a brother of a famous Texas Ranger, Captain Dan Roberts, author of the book *Rangers and Sovereignty* published in 1914.

Mr. Will Crow of Dripping Springs says that his mother, Stella Roberts Crow, daughter of Jake Roberts, used to tell her children about an experience that happened when she was nine years old. It was the night of September 6, 1882 and she remembered it well. The year had been an exceptionally wet one and Onion Creek had stayed bankful all summer. When heavy rains began to fall in early September the creek overflowed its banks. On that ill-fated night Stella put her dolls in a doll house near an open window of the bedroom and told them goodnight before going to sleep.

During the night she was awakened by her mother coming into the room to close the window and saying, "Honey, your dolls are getting wet." It was raining very hard and a high wind was blowing. Above the noise of the stormy weather, Onion Creek could be heard roaring like an animal.

As soon as daylight came, Mr. Roberts looked out toward the Taylors' house, and all he could see was a wide sheet of water. He quickly saddled his horse and rode to some other neighbors' homes for help, and soon a group of men went in search of the Taylor family. There was no sign of their house or outbuildings; all had been swept down the creek. Two little boys were found alive, clinging to some branches of a tree.

When the water had receded somewhat, the bodies of the rest of the family were found—father, mother and three children. The Taylors were buried in a common grave in the Phillips Cemetery near Dripping Springs, and the two little boys who had survived the ordeal were taken by relatives who lived a long way from Hays County. Nothing was heard from them or about them until a few years ago when a man by the name of Taylor, a descendant of one, came looking for the grave of his people. With the aid of an old-timer he was able to locate the site, and he placed a gray granite marker on it which reads:

Ben W. Taylor, Born April 8, 1823
Mary Dollahite, Born 1851
Bennie, age 11 years
Thomas, age 6 years
Baby Girl
Drowned—forks of Onion Creek
September 6, 1882

Should anyone wish to locate this grave in the Phillips Cemetery, go through the little gate near its north boundary, turn left at the third row of graves, and there it is.

ONION CREEK caused another tragedy some miles south of the Taylor place, and we have reason to believe it happened the same night. Hugh Odom

Above, Mrs. Stella Crow related the story of the 1882 drownings in Onion Creek to her children. Below, a summer scene on Onion Creek in 1912, near Driftwood.

Below, freighters hauled merchandise from Austin to these two stores at Driftwood by horse or mule-drawn wagon. Store at right, owned by Thomas Martin, also housed the post office. Otis Eckols ran the other store. Photo taken in the early 1900s.

and his family were living on what is now a part of the Camp Ben McCulloch campgrounds near Driftwood. Their home was on a high knoll 300 yards from the creek and near a constant flowing spring. To their knowledge the creek had never flooded the land where their house and barn were situated.

A hard rain was falling when the family retired, and in the middle of the night Mr. Odom was awakened by a roaring sound. When he went to investigate, he found that the creek waters were near his house and were rising rapidly. There was no time to lose. Odom roused his wife and two small children and told them they would have to get out in a hurry. He saddled a mule he had in a lot near the house and placed his wife and children on its back. By this time the water was lapping at the floor of the porch. Wading through water, he led the mule to the road and set out for the nearest neighbor on his side of the creek. This neighbor was Joe Rogers; he and his family lived about two miles east of the Odom home.

By the time the Odoms reached the Rogers' place and safety, they were soaked through and through. Many years later Mr. Rogers related this incident to his young son, Oldham. He said he woke up in the middle of the night and heard it raining but above this noise he also heard a man calling his name. Rogers lit a lamp and saw the half-drowned Odom family at his front gate. He hustled them into the house and built a fire in the fireplace to warm them while his wife fixed beds and got dry clothing.

In Phillips Cemetery, near Dripping Springs, is the common grave of five members of the Taylor family, who drowned in the waters of Onion Creek in 1882.

Early the next morning, after breakfast, the two men went to see about things at Mr. Odom's place. All they found still standing was the chimney. Everything else had been carried away by the high waters—house, barn, livestock, and poultry. It was a sad sight and the Odoms were heartbroken, but when they heard about the Taylor family they felt they had been lucky indeed to escape with their lives and one mule.

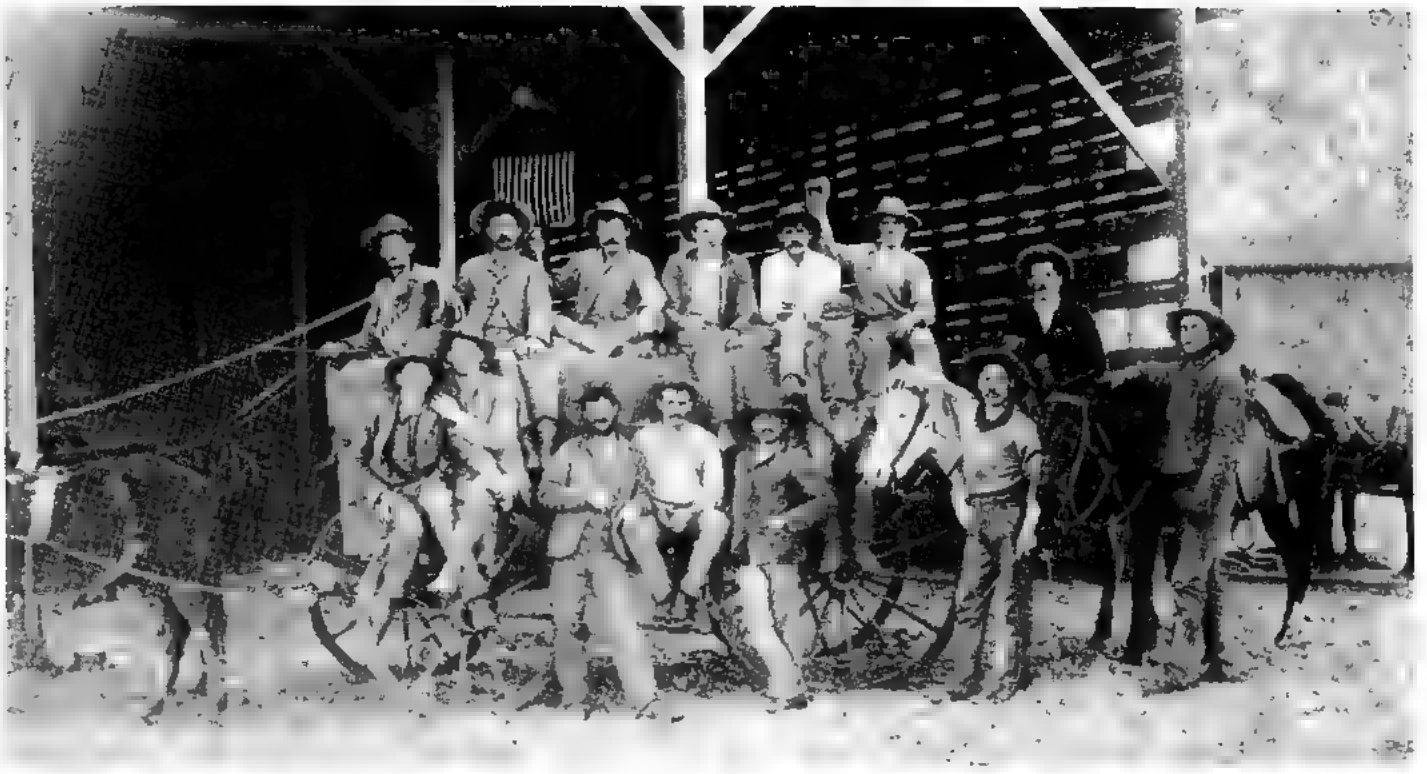
There have been many rises of Onion Creek before and since the year 1882. People learned to protect their lives but continued to suffer property losses. Many head of livestock have drowned—horses, mules, cattle, sheep and goats—and other possessions have been destroyed.

BEING CUT OFF from the rest of the world for days at a time when the creek was too high to cross was the worst worry the settlers had until high water bridges were built to span the creek in the mid-1900s. Man's ingenuity was taxed to the utmost.

The freight haulers and mail carriers were affected most by these rises as their livelihood depended on getting over the roads and across the creek. The small general stores in this area carried a full line—hardware, groceries, dry goods, notions — and depended on freighters to keep their stock replenished. As the merchants' storage space was limited it was necessary that freighters make two or three trips a week to market—usually Austin—to keep the stores supplied. They were paid by the number of pounds of merchandise they hauled, so in order to carry as heavy a load as possible each trip, they used large wagons and strong teams.

Members of the Camp Ben McCulloch Confederate Veterans and their families posed for this photo on the bank of Onion Creek around 1899.

Courtesy Mrs. Nola Martin Harding



A gathering at the cotton-seed oil mill in Austin, Texas around 1898.

In dry weather dust was their worst enemy on the roads; in wet weather this dust turned to mud and many bogholes were encountered. The creeks were forded at the most shallow places, and during rainy weather these crossings became extremely hazardous. Many and varied were the experiences of the freighters when crossing them.

In the early 1900s a freighter named John Waxler hauled merchandise to the Driftwood store the year 'round. In the fall he also hauled baled cotton from the Driftwood gin to Austin, bringing a load of freight to the store on his return trip. Being unmarried he stayed with his sister and her family, the Walter Volmerings, most of the time but one year he boarded at the Rogers home. Both families lived on the opposite side of Onion Creek from the Driftwood store —the east side several miles closer to Austin than Driftwood. Some old-timers today remember a happening relating to Mr. Waxler's crossing the creek one rainy spring day.

Heavy downpours had kept Onion Creek full and made it hard to cross. Usually Waxler could wait a few hours, pick his time and ford it safely. But as the rain continued to fall day after day, it became more difficult for him to cross with his heavy load of freight. During one week there were several days that he made no attempt to cross at all.

However, since Waxler could make it to Austin and back to his boarding place, he hauled several loads of merchandise and stored them where he was living and at a friend's house who lived near the creek. This friend was Charlie Cauthen.

The old party-line crank telephone had come into use in the neighborhood by this time and the Driftwood merchant began to call Mr. Waxler wanting to know when he could make a delivery. The merchant said he was getting mighty low on the essentials—flour, sugar, coal oil, snuff and chewing tobacco. Finally Waxler decided to make an extra effort to get these commodities across to his customer.

He set about fixing his wagon in such a way that he could carry a light load on it, placed high enough up to be out of the water's reach—he hoped. He put the sideboards on his wagon and built a deck on them, figuring that this would do the trick. Waxler packed all he thought it would be safe to carry, being sure to carry plenty snuff and chewing tobacco. He chewed tobacco himself, so knew how bad it was to be without it. After hitching four horses to the wagon, he set out for the creek.

When Waxler stopped by Mr. Cauthen's house to pick up a few articles he had left there, his friend insisted that Waxler use his span of big Percheron horses, the largest and strongest in the neighborhood. The freighter unhitched two of his own horses and put the larger horses in their places. He kept his lead horse hitched to his wagon, however. This horse was his favorite, a white horse called Buck.

Charlie Howard, a rural route carrier for over 22 years.

When Waxler got to the crossing he found that the creek did not seem to be rising, although it was very swift and dangerous looking. By this time—thanks to the party-line telephone—news had got around that he was going to attempt to cross the swollen creek. Both banks were lined with spectators, mostly boys and men, watching every move he made with interest.

Before going into the water Waxler cut himself a large chew of tobacco and laid his knife on the wagon seat beside him. When someone asked why he left the knife on the seat he said that if the going had got too rough he intended to cut the hame strings of the harness, thus freeing the horses and from then on they would be on their own and so would he. He hollered, "Git up," and hit the water with all eyes fastened on him.

Waxler had figured that the wagon wheels would stay on the creek bed but when he reached the middle of the stream the water was so swift that the wheels left the ground and he thought he was a goner for sure. Fortunately, the wagon bed was tight and the wagon floated, but this presented another problem. The current began to swing the wagon around, causing some of the horses to lose their footing. Old Buck, however, retained a firm grip on the creek bottom and steadied the other horses.

Then, with a lurch, the team carried the wagon to the opposite bank from where they started with no harm done to the cargo. A loud shout went up from the onlookers. When someone asked Mr. Waxler if he was scared during this ordeal, he replied, "You dang right, I was scared. But bless Old Buck's hide, he didn't let me down."

MAIL CARRIERS had their trials and tribulations with Onion Creek too. When the Driftwood Post Office was established, mail was brought to it from the Buda Post Office by a Star Carrier. Later a rural route was instituted and the Rural Carrier started his route at Driftwood, picking up his mail after the Star Carrier had delivered it to the post office. Each carrier had to cross Onion Creek at several points on his route, and each had his way of solving the problem of crossing when the water was high.

By 1915 cars were being used by the Rural Carrier and oftentimes the motor would drown out if the water was too high. The carrier hit upon an idea of covering his radiator and motor with a large piece of canvas, forming a crude, pontoon-like contraption. He would hit the water at a high rate of speed, and momentum would carry the pontoon, car, and all across. That is, it did most of the time but one day something went haywire. The car, man, and mail sacks were washed down the creek and the carrier barely escaped with his life.

One Star Carrier, Joe Whisenant, solved his problem in another way and with more success than the Rural Carrier. He was under a contract to get the mail to the Driftwood Post Office, and any day he failed to do so he did not receive his pay. To this man it was of vital importance to deliver the mail, even when Onion Creek was too high to ford in his Model T.

The crossing near Driftwood on the Buda-Driftwood road gave him the most trouble. Large cypress trees grow on both sides of the creek so he rigged up a device with pulleys and strung smooth wire across the creek, fastening it to a cypress on each side. On the days that he couldn't cross he fastened the mail sacks to this wire and got them across that way.

Since this required help on the opposite side of the creek he prevailed on a man who lived near the crossing—Herman Schubert—to meet him and receive the mail and carry it on to Driftwood. Mr. Schubert would pick up the out-going mail at the Driftwood Post Office, bring it back to the crossing and the procedure would be reversed. Joe would get the

Above. Herbert Garrison, son of Rev. J. A. Garrison. Both he and his father were Star Carriers for Driftwood in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Inset shows Miss Elsie Carter (later Mrs. Phil Brown), a Star Carrier who brought the mail from the Buda Post Office to the Driftwood branch from 1941 till 1954. Below, the Austin marble works. People identified as follows: 1. Mr. Porter; 2. Louie Garner; 3. Jim Kingston; 4. Geo. Warren; 5. Henry Burns; 6. Joe Macken; 7. Geo. Wilson; 8. John Macken; 9. E. Broline; 10. Joe Birdwell; 11. Burt Robinson; 12. — Broline; 13. Will Shaffer; 14. Jack Philips.

Courtesy W. H. Davis, Jr., Austin, Texas

mail and carry it to Buda, rejoicing in a job accomplished for that day. Joe Whisenant carried the mail for eight years using this procedure when necessary.

As late as the early 1940s Onion Creek was still a challenge to Driftwood mail carriers when it was high. Miss Elsie Carter, who lived at Buda, was the Star Carrier; Charlie Howard, who lived two miles from Driftwood east of the creek, was the Rural Carrier. Both used the crossing near the place Mr. Waxler had crossed in the early days. However, the fording place had been covered over with a concrete slab, making the crossing somewhat easier.

Elsie had a Model A Ford and was a good driver, but her father, Lindsey Carter, usually accompanied her when the roads were muddy and when there was danger of high water. One such day they found that the creek was pretty high but they were able to cross it, going on to the Driftwood Post Office where they waited for Charlie to pick up his rural route deliveries. While they were waiting it rained a steady downpour.

Both the Carters and Charlie Howard had to make the Driftwood-Buda crossing once more to complete their routes, and Onion Creek was considerably higher than it had been earlier. Charlie decided he could cross it, and he did. So Elsie thought she could cross also, but when she had gone a short distance from the west bank her car stalled and she was unable to start it.

The creek was rising rapidly and Mr. Carter said that they had better abandon the car and try to make it back to the bank. He took the mail bag and got out of the car on his side. When Elsie stepped out of the car on her side she lost her footing in the swift water and was washed under the car. Fortunately, Mr. Carter was able to get hold of her long full skirt and upend her on the slab and, by holding onto each other, they reached the bank where Herman Schubert was waiting to help them.

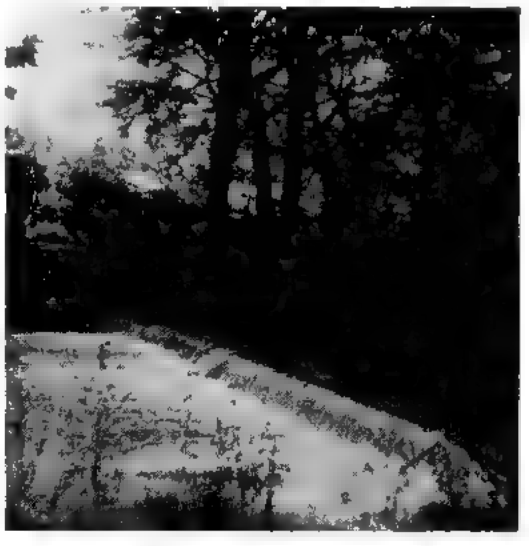
Charlie, who was watching from the other side, decided he might be able to retrieve the car if he had help so he drove rapidly to Oldham Rogers' place some two miles distant, got some heavy blocks and a rope and, accompanied by Oldham and Joe Rogers, hurried back to the creek. Just as they came in sight of the car a rush of water swept it off the slab, turned it over and would have carried it downstream except that Oldham made a lucky throw of the heavy rope and caught one of the back wheels. He and the others made the car fast to a large tree.

Friends took Elsie, Mr. Carter and the mail to Buda when the creek could be crossed safely. Elsie continued to carry the mail to Driftwood for some ten years or more but never again attempted to cross old Onion when it was on such a big rise.

Nowadays highwater bridges span most crossings over Onion Creek, and vehicles of all types sail over with the greatest of ease. However, *old Onion* has the last word on occasion. When the present bridge near Camp Ben McCulloch was being surveyed prior to construction, one old-timer who saw where the engineer placed a stake (marking the highest point that the water was supposed to ever go) told the engineer that he had seen the water higher than that. The engineer remarked that his measurements were based on the possibility of that happening perhaps once in a hundred years.

The bridge was built according to the engineer's specifications, and old Onion Creek, not being aware of these calculations, proceeded to get on a high rise soon after the bridge was completed. It rose above the highwater mark by several degrees and covered the bridge. So the conflict between *Man* and *Creek* goes on.

Courtesy Mrs. Marguerite Hammack



Courtesy Mrs. Nola Martin Harding

At top of page, Charles W. (Bud) Pound, a native of Dripping Springs, Texas, is among the cowboys pictured in this round-up scene taken in the 1880s near Llano, Texas. At right, Onion Creek on the rise, near the old crossing on the Buda-Driftwood road. Below, the Driftwood Baseball Club. Three of the members shown were mail carriers for Driftwood. In the back row, the first man on the left is Clyde Echols, the first rural carrier. Next to him is Jim Eckols, his substitute. The man at far right is Joe Wilhelm, one of the first Star Carriers. He brought the mail from Buda to Driftwood on horseback, twice a week.

DENVER POLICE, called to the scene of a hit-and-run accident on Interstate 70, looked down at the crumpled body of a ragged and shabby old man. "Too bad," one of the patrolmen remarked, as he prodded the body gently. "Poor old beggar," he might have thought.

The poor old beggar, Allen X. Dankel by name, would probably have laughed at the description. To be sure, he was old—ninety-four to be exact—but he didn't look anywhere near his age. Most people would have guessed him to be at least thirty years younger. But poor? That was another matter entirely.

It was on June 14, 1967 that Al, as he was commonly known, came to the end of his long, lonely existence. On examining the body, police found two wallets. The contents were listed as follows: $8 in cash, unused railroad and bus tickets between Deertrail and Denver, and a passbook to a savings account at the Colorado National Bank. His knapsack contained four slices of bread.

Al's neighbors, on the plains east of Denver, were sorry to read about his death in the papers. Al had always plugged ahead on his own, asking only that people leave him alone. He had no companions. All he had for company were the feisty little prairie dogs who infested the land surrounding him, and the mournful sound of the coyote's howl.

After a couple of days the newspapers had a bit more to report. The State Inheritance Tax Department had taken inventory at the Colorado National Bank. Old Al not only had $150,000 in U. S. Treasury Bonds, but around $60,000 in his checking accounts. Also in his safe deposit box was a deed to 640 acres of land about twelve miles southeast of Deertrail. The loner had left an estate of over $300,000!

The people around Deertrail and Agate (another small town not too far from Al's land) who were accustomed to seeing the ragged old man walking along the highway, were stunned, to say the least. Many of them had given Al a handout or a lift into Denver.

Paul Monnahan, of Deertrail, knew a little more about Al than most people. As he led reporters out to Al's place he told them a few things about the hermit's life.

Monnahan said he had leased the 640 acres of Al's land for grazing about seven years before. Al had hinted he had money in the bank. "Old Al wouldn't spend a penny unless he absolutely had to—he'd put on an appearance to make people think he didn't have a cent."

Monnahan went on to say, "Nobody ever heard of him being sick a day in his life and he never paid a doctor or dentist bill. He'd shave, maybe once a week or so, and cut his own hair."

OLD AL lived in a remote spot. To get to it the reporters traveled over rolling prairie country almost nine miles on a county road, then about three miles over a winding rocky path barred by barbed wire fences. At the end of it was a homesteader's house, once owned by the Hill family. But Al did not choose to live in a house. A few feet farther on was what Al had called home—a 7'x9'dugout.

The nice old recluse was a canny operator—a human box-canyon when it came to trapping money

By CLAIRE FLYNN
Photos Courtesy Author

A SIX-FIGURE HER

ED TO UNZ.ORG
PRODUCTION

It was reported that bedbugs drove Al out of the house.

Thirty-nine years of living in this small, airless hole was reason enough for the stench that filled it. Boxes, cans, bottles, old rags were stacked to the ceiling —treasures Old Al had collected on his scavenger hunts along the Bijou and the roads of the countryside.

A cot, covered with rags, took up one side of the room. The only other furniture was a broken, straight-back chair and an ancient coal stove. Miles Davies, a near neighbor, said the only fuel Al had was sagebrush and cowchips. There are very few trees on a Colorado prairie.

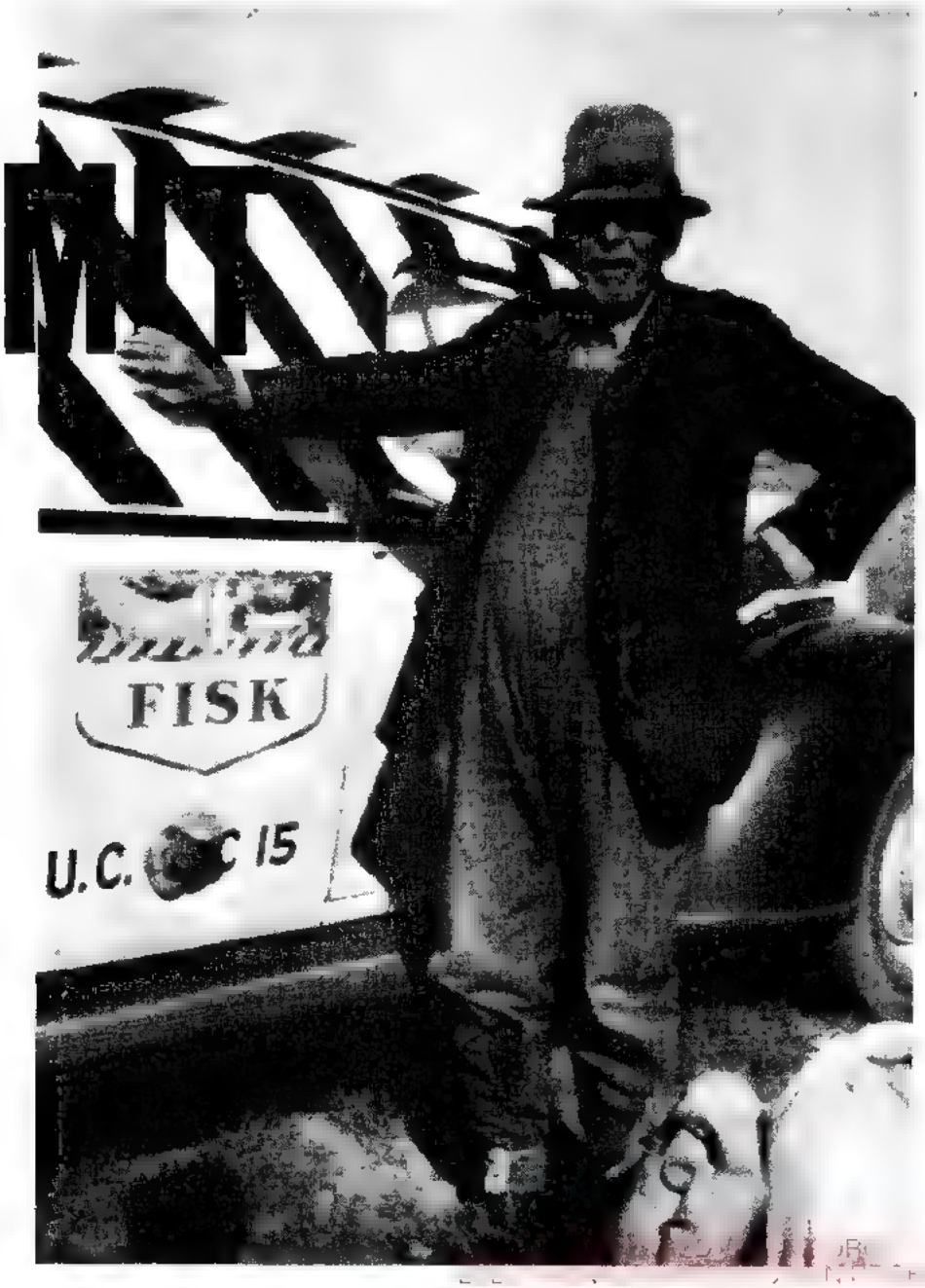
Naturally, the reporters were curious as to why a man would choose to live in such surroundings—cut himself off from his own kind and live in poverty and squalor. But if Old Al had been there and had been asked such questions, he probably would have reached for one of his two trusty shotguns. It's a sure bet there would not have been any more questions. Al's life was his own.

Allen X. Dankel was born in a suburb of Chicago in 1873. He had three brothers and one sister. When he was eight years old his father caught the gold fever and moved the family to Cripple Creek. After the mining venture failed Mrs. Dankel and the three youngest children went back to Chicago by train. The two oldest boys (Al was the first-born) and their father made the trip driving a team and a wagon. The journey took over two months.

Mr. Dankel was a roamer. The following summer, 1882, found them back in Colorado, living in Denver. Dankel later bought some land near Wiggins, where he raised shorthorn cattle for a couple of years until his feet got itchy again and he sold out. The next move was to Seattle, Washington.

EVEN as a youngster Al was independent. He worked on a paper route to make money, but his mother would take his earnings and keep them. Other things grated on Al and in 1889 he left home and returned to Denver. He never wrote or contacted his family again.

Below. Al Dankel usually managed to hitch a ride on his regular grocery shopping trips.



The years moved along as Al worked and saved money. He had no time for girls or fun. His one thought must have been to have security. Supporting himself at sixteen was no easy task, but Al faced straight ahead, letting nothing swerve him from his goal—financial independence.

For a few years he worked as a sheep feeder in a Denver stockyard. In the early part of the 1890s he moved south of Bennett, Colorado on Kiowa Creek where he homesteaded 160 acres which were blessed with good water.

With the money he had earned and saved Al bought some sheep. Along about 1910 the railroad sold its land and squeezed Al out. He had about 1½ sections by that time, and had to graze the sheep in this area.

Sheep need a lot of grass. Al eventually started herding his sheep all over. He would start out with his camp wagon, and the sheep would graze where they could. When a land owner caught him and ran him off, Al would move on—finally making a complete circle and reaching home in the fall. By then the lambs were ready to sell.

In 1918 sheep and land prices were high. Al knew a good thing when he saw it. He sold out. It was also in that year he invested $125,000 in war bonds.

Al was always loyal to his country and voted in every election—but he was suspicious of Democrats. Al never got over his childhood insecurity. Even with his investments and his future secure, he still felt the need to work and make more money. For ten years he herded sheep and worked for Jim Scott of Deertrail. He never bought anything except the bare necessities. Most of his clothes were hand-me-downs.

In 1928 Al bought the section of land where he spent the rest of his life—Sec. 34, T55, R58W, about twelve miles east of Deertrail and ten miles northeast of Agate.

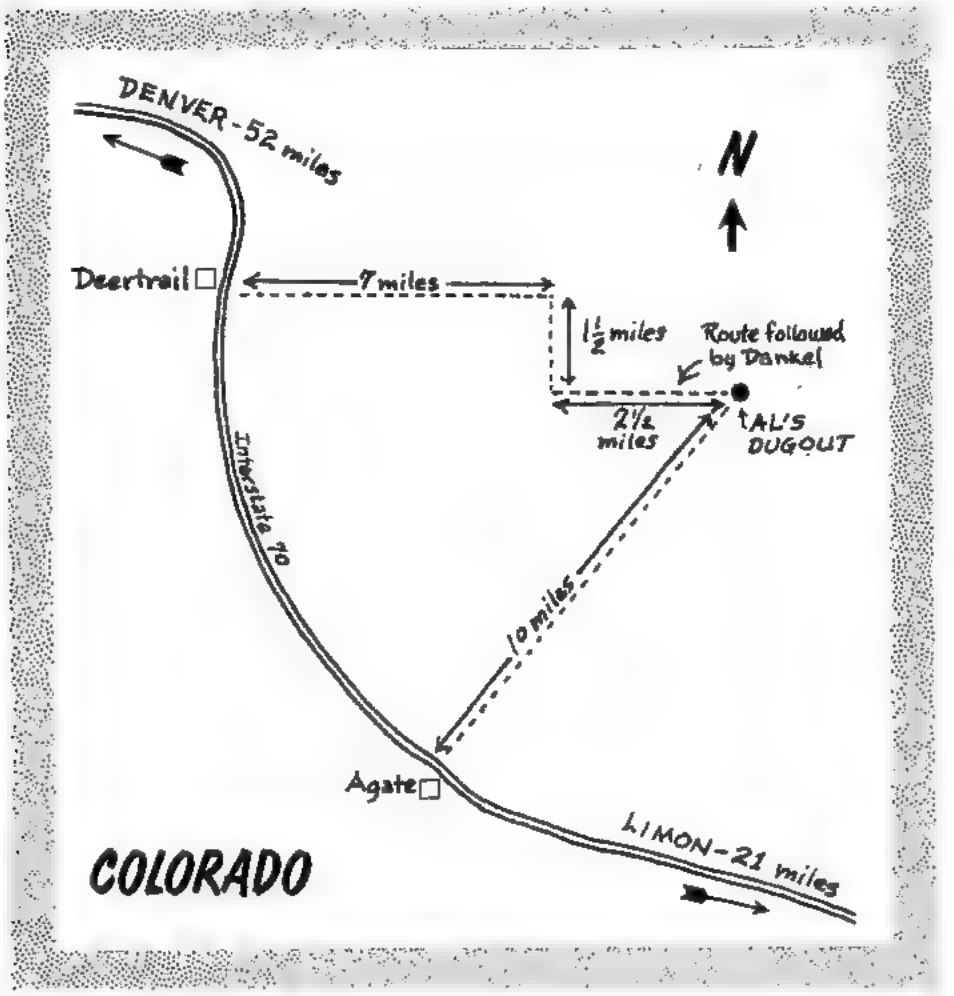
When he bought the land he had a buggy and a few horses. As time passed the horses grew old and died. His buggy fell apart. He didn't replace them. Money was for saving, not spending.

Miles Davies, whose family's land adjoined the hermit's, said Al wouldn't put out any money to dig a well. The only water he had for cooking and washing was from the waterholes from which cattle drank. During the drouth of the '30s and the '50s the waterholes became so polluted the cattle died—but it didn't bother Al. He continued to use them.

Electricity was no problem. Al didn't need it. When the sun went to bed, he did too. There was nothing or no one to sit up for. Yes, it was a lonely life, but it seemed to suit the old man. He wasn't sociable—or rather, he didn't go out of his way to meet people—however, he didn't mind accepting a ride or a free meal. He would talk, but really wasn't up on current events. His information was picked up from old newspapers.

Mr. Davies once gave him a ride to Deertrail and the old man remarked on the wonders of the automobile. "Does it use a fuel something like a kerosene lamp with a wick?" he asked. He was told it wasn't quite that simple. His mind

Above, Al Dankel looked much younger than his actual years. The map below shows the location of Dankel's dugout.



could never have comprehended the complexities of the modern engine, although he was in no way mentally deficient.

SOMEHOW his brothers found out where Al was living. Paul Monnahan took the youngest brother, John, out to the dugout to see him. This was about ten years ago. The two had not seen each other for seventy years. After a half-hour John and Paul left. Seventy years of no contact had made it a little hard to find anything to talk about.

One brother, who lived in Montana, died and left Al $20,000. Al didn't collect a cent of social security or old-age pension; his bank account was bulging at the seams.

He cut corners wherever possible. He would buy a few staples at either Agate or Deertrail—walking the ten or twelve miles and then back home again with his pack on his back. Don Doherty, owner of a small grocery in Deertrail said,"Al would buy groceries once or twice a month. His grocery list consisted of bread, margarine, flour, crackers, cornmeal, rice, oatmeal, salt and canned milk."

He would buy 50¢ worth of beans at the Deertrail grain elevator, which would be enough to last him several months.

Besides keeping in shape by walking the sixty miles to Denver whenever he couldn't get a ride, Al liked to get out and chop cactus to keep his yard cleared off. It was quite an undertaking when you consider his "yard" consisted of miles and miles of prairie land.

Al used a stub-handled hoe with half of the blade broken off. One day, after seeing him use this sorry piece of equipment, Miles Davies brought him a good hoe. Miles never saw him using the better one, and after Al died Miles discovered four other hoes on the place, all better than the one Old Al always used.

On the last day of Al's life he walked over to Monnahan's place. He was on his way into Denver to see about a draft due him on an oil lease. He ate dinner with the family, then caught a ride to Bennett with Alden Monnahan. From there he planned to catch a bus on to Denver.

Evidently someone else picked Al up and took him in, then let him out on the Interstate. Al saved a $2 bus fare by taking the ride, but in so doing lost something else—his life.

Simple graveside services were held at the Deertrail Cemetery, where his ashes were laid to rest. Even in death Old Al wouldn't have wanted a lot of money paid out for a fancy coffin.

He left no will. His money and property went to his one surviving brother, John, who died in a fire before the estate was settled.

Some people might feel sorry for Al, but he seemed satisfied. He had a long life, a quick, merciful death. Allen X. Dankel achieved the goal he had set early in life—something very few men can say when they die. His goal was to make money, and to keep it. Old Al did both.

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Buchanan-Trevors-Conway

I am looking for information about two particular penny-ante horse thieves and a woman. I have been looking for a long time and have put together their lives rather well, but there are gaps in the construction which need filling.

Johnny Buchanan was born May 17, 1845 in Colorado Territory. His mother was a half-breed Cheyenne. He also went under Johnny Glenn. He joined the Confederate cavalry as a scout in 1861. Made first lieutenant in 1864. He was a pretty good hand with a gun and liked to prove it. He killed a known seven men in his life. Joined forces with Jesse Trevors after the war. He was wanted in several states for being a horse thief, road agent and murderer. He stood 5' 9" and weighed around 160 pounds. He was dark complected and had auburn hair, which he liked to wear long, Indian style. He was a quiet, brooding man who found it hard to be friendly. He went straight in 1882 and became deputy marshal in a small Arkansas town. He was killed in Red Rock, Arizona sometime in December 1885.

Jesse Trevors was born July 25, 1846 near present-day Bluehole, Kentucky. His mother was a Virginia aristocrat, Sarah Leland. His father was a Kentucky farmer who dealt in horses. His father died in 1855. He served in the Confederate cavalry under Stuart from 1861 to 1864. In 1865 he killed two Yankee soldiers in Kansas for the murder of his brother, Billy. Jesse was almost the opposite of Johnny Buchanan. He was light-haired and blue-eyed. He was a very open and friendly man who loved company and whiskey. He killed a known three men in his lifetime. He rode with Buchanan until they both went straight in 1882. He became a ranch hand on a ranch near Red Rock, Arizona (the Hotchkiss Ranch?). He was hanged in Red Rock in 1883.

I'd also like information on Maybelle Conway. The name may have been Collins. Not much is known about her except that she ran a saloon in Rifle, Colorado (the Red Star Saloon?). She was Jesse's sweetheart, but he never proposed marriage to her. She was a pretty woman with long blonde hair and flashing green eyes. She didn't hear about Jesse's death until 1885. She reportedly married his lawyer in 1886.

Some of the information may be inaccurate since it is hearsay. If anyone can correct any of the above or furnish new information, I would be thankful. The facts are very important to me in this matter.—Katrina Haupt, 8785 Buddecke Place, Roseville, California 95678

Saunders

I would appreciate any information anyone could give me regarding descendants of my great-uncle, Henry Saunders, who went West sometime after the Civil War. He eventually settled around Walla Walla, Washington. His grandchildren would now be in their sixties or seventies. He had a brother, Alvin Lester, my grandfather, who settled here in Kansas. Another brother, Davilla, stayed in the U S. Cavalry and died at Fort Harker in 1868. He had a younger brother, Del, of Kansas City, Missouri. The three older brothers all served with a Wisconsin Volunteer Cavalry outfit in the Civil War.—Jack Saunders, Catherine Route, Hays, Kansas 67601

McKinney

I am trying to locate any descendants of my great-aunt, Ellen McKinney. My grandfather, George Henderson McKinney, was her younger brother. Their mother was Becky Gaston. I do not know their father's first name, or Ellen McKinney's married name. I believe Ellen may have been born and lived in Montague County, Texas. George was married to Mary Ann Vesser January 6, 1881 in Montague County. Several of his children were born there.

My mother, Margaret Ellen McKinney, was born there in 1883. Her father went to the Indian Territory around 1889 and ranched there. He became ill and went to Boerne, Texas in Kendall County. He died there but is buried in Pontotoc County, Ada, Oklahoma.

My Great-Aunt Ellen came to visit my grandmother in 1928 at Estelline, Texas. I was quite small and was told she was ninety-two years old. She was a tall stately woman and I would appreciate hearing from any of her descendants.—Mrs. Vee Hutson, 19621 Oklahoma Avenue, Strathmore, California 93267

Gadberry

I wonder if anyone could send me information on the Gadberry family. They were early pioneers in Kentucky (1800) but believe they originally were from Virginia. The family did branch out to South Carolina and Missouri. There was a post office known as Gadberry in Adair County, Kentucky. Please, any Gadberry get in touch with me, no matter how small the information may seem to you. Some Gadberry first names are George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Jonathan, Nathan, Milton, James, Joel and Samuel. —Donny Gadberry, 23020 - 148th S.E., Kent, Washington 98031

Kohl-Haas

I am the granddaughter of an early 1870-80 pioneer of Hays, Kansas, a Volga German, John Peter Kohl and his wife Annie Mary Haas. I would appreciate information on these people.—Louise Kohl Hollas, Route 3, Rockdale, Texas 76567

Walker

I would like to hear from anyone knowing anything about the family and descendants of Isaac Walker. His ancestors were primarily from Rhode Island. Isaac same to Darke County, Twinn Township, Ohio with brothers Thomas and George. They were of the very first group to pioneer in the area, having first settled in the Still Water Valley slightly east of Greenville, Ohio. Their group left North Carolina on Christmas Day 1800. The Walkers lived for some time in Tennessee, from whence they came to Ohio in 1817. Isaac married second to Delilah Ford. Who was his first wife? He had a son, William, who was my great-great-grandfather. The descendants of William are found in all parts of the United States today, including Texas and Oklahoma where they were pioneers in the late 1800s. Who were the other children of Isaac, his parents? He and Delilah are buried at Ithaca, Ohio. Isaac died in 1851. Who and where are the descendants of Thomas and George, who raised their families in the area?—C. G. Walker, 2320 North 52nd St., Lincoln, Nebraska 68504

Morrice

In February 1806, Pittsylvania County, Virginia, James Williams married Elizabeth Morrice. William Morrice was shown as bondsman on the marriage bond. I would like to correspond with a descendant of this William Morrice. I will answer all letters.—J. E. Williams, Box 1045, Brady, Texas 76825

McCall-Drennan

Henry McCall owned a plantation on the Mississippi River in Ascension Parish, Louisiana in the late 1790s or early 1800s. There is, or was, a McCall town in that vicinity. Also J. A. McCall owned a plantation on the Mississippi River in Concordia Parish, Louisiana at the same time. Was J. A. a brother to Henry?

Information wanted regarding these McCalls, especially Henry, his wife, children, parents, brothers, sisters, etc. Does anyone have an old McCall Bible or wills, or land records? All information will be appreciated. Will answer all letters and exchange McCall information.

David Drennan was witness to a deed for John McPeek, 1808, in Rutherford County, Tennessee. Also, Henry McPeek was a witness. Joseph and other Drennans, along with the McPeek families were in De Soto County, Mississippi in 1850. How were these Drennans and Mc-

(Continued on page 68)

Wild Old Days!

OLDTRAILS

By Clarence Fennell

THE little town of Oldtrails was in full bloom in 1916. Nearby Oatman was booming. Miners were drilling and blasting and bringing up gold ore from deep shafts and tunnels. Large tailing dumps were spawned by the mills which ground up the ore and recovered the gold content by use of the cyanide treatment. It was only natural that a spill-over of activity would create the satellite town of Oldtrails one mile to the south. It very likely got its name from the existence of so many trails in the area, no doubt made by Indian hunters. Almost surrounded by hills and mountains, it seemed to me that the sun always came up late in that little town.

Just a little farther to the south flowed the big reddish muddy river known as the Colorado. It was mighty in those days, a mile wide and deep. Beaver were plentiful. Trapping was still a going trade. Along the side of the river in the bottomland, the brush was thick and provided excellent cover for small game. Coyotes ranged in packs as they worked to reduce the rabbit population. High school boys made money by trapping and skinning coyotes. I believe that they received a dollar per skin.

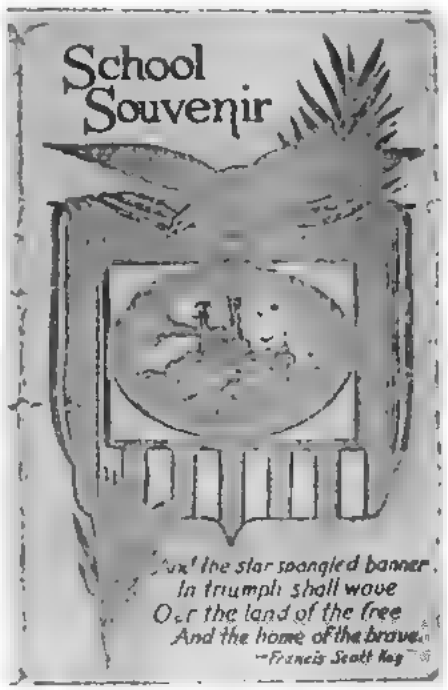
The "hub" of Oldtrails was the crossroad of Orion Avenue and the Oatman-Topock Highway. The highway was a one-lane dirt road. On the northwest corner stood the Mint Tavern which sold sundries and cold drinks. Tom Fennell, my father, operated a bottling works in a building a bit west of the Mint Tavern. The pop was sold mainly to Oatman stores and neighboring businesses. I remember that "Lemon Sour" and sarsaparilla were popular drinks.

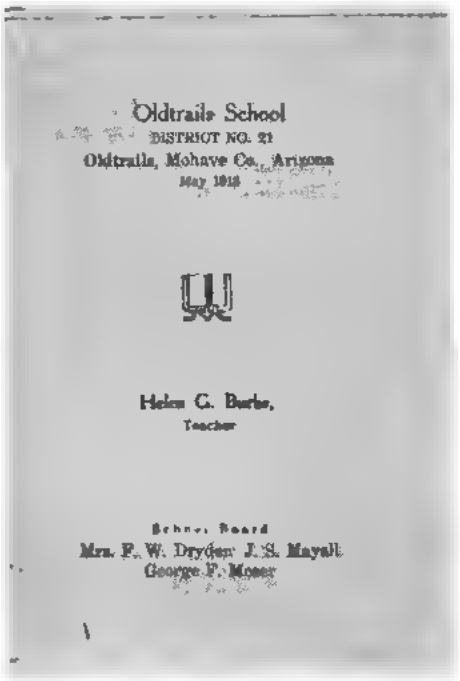
Immediately north of the Mint Tavern was an assay office. It is the only original building remaining and has a metal roof still in good condition. The assayer was a gentleman named Pearson. (There were many assay offices in Oatman which also did an excellent business of running assays for prospectors. They paid cash for rich high-grade ore. Perhaps more money was made in the latter venture.)

But when all is said and done it was the people which made the town memorable to me. On the southwest corner of the Hub stood the post office which came into being February 29, 1916. The postmaster was H. R. Woods. I recall Minnie his wife, and Hubert and Helen their children.

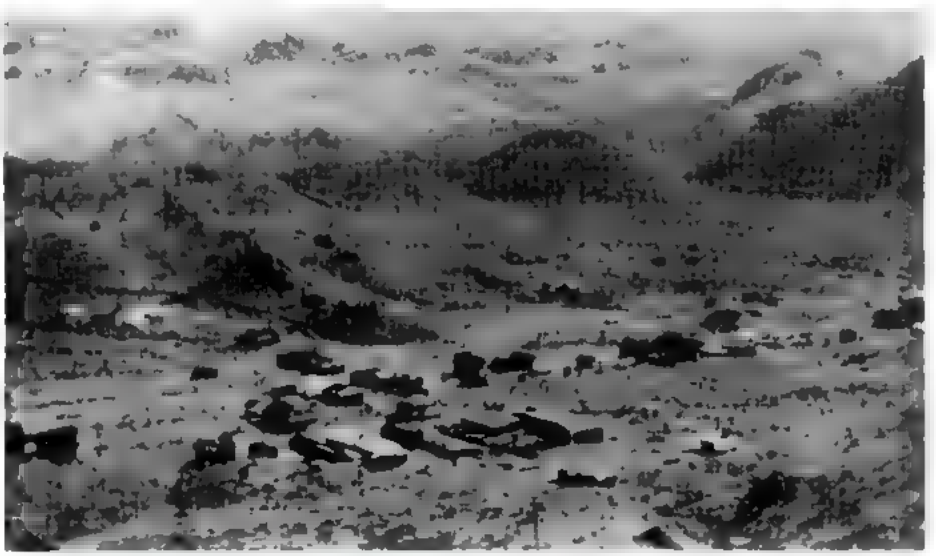
The Moehlers operated a laundry. Their daughter, Gretchen, worked at the bakery. The Orrs ran a boarding house. George F. Moser and his family lived at a mine over the hill west. There were three children, one of whom, Anna Marie, was my classmate. The Schottmuellers lived in northwest Oldtrails. I remember Teresa and Evelyn. The Drydens lived at a mine a little south and west and had two children, Charles and Lorraine. Dan and Anna News owned the meat market. Their children were Tommy, Malcolm and Leona.

My parents, Thomas and Mattie B., had two children besides me—Clifford, and Harold who was born in Oldtrails in February 1918 and whose birth there may be the only one on record. Clifford


School Souvenir
And the star spangled banner
In triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.
—Francis Scott Key



Above, author's school souvenir booklet lists the pupils who graduated from the Oldtrails school that year. Below, Oldtrails, Arizona in the spring of 1916.



and I started school in Oldtrails. Garland Williams, whose father was killed in a mine accident, helped me with my homework.

There was a small hospital on the east side of the wash which ran through the town. On the west end of Orion Avenue was a good-sized lumber yard. We also had an abandoned swimming pool which would fill with muddy water when the wash ran full. The bolder boys would swim there. One frame building advertised "Gas Lights."

BURROS ran wild near the town. I would catch one and tie it to a tree, but always by morning the burro would be gone. "The owner came and claimed the burro," I was told. It seems that I can still smell the raw scabs on the burros—scabs that had been caused by packsaddles. Mexican children living at Mazona, a half-way point between Oatman and Oldtrails, used burros and packsaddles to bring firewood from the surrounding hills.

The surrounding terrain was picturesque. Not to be forgotten is the "Elephant's Tooth," a large pointed column of rock shaped like its name. Boundary Cone Peak to the south was used by early-day surveyors as a landmark. Eagles could be seen flying from the top of the cone. If one wanders this area today, caution is necessary. Dangerous shafts abound in the vicinity of the Oatman mining area and people sometimes lose their lives by falling down them.

Grade school for the year 1916-17 was held in a frame one-room building. The following year a building was raised on a hilltop at Mazona. It was a one-room affair with a pipe running up the front from which the American flag was flown.

The once thriving town has vanished except for an assay office building owned in 1972 by some folks named Dillingham. On January of that year I took a picture of the area from the same vantage point where Mom had taken a picture in 1916. Nature has not yet erased all the scars on the ground from the building activity of half a century ago. The wash is still meandering slowly west and will soon undermine the one remaining structure unless some flood control is practiced.

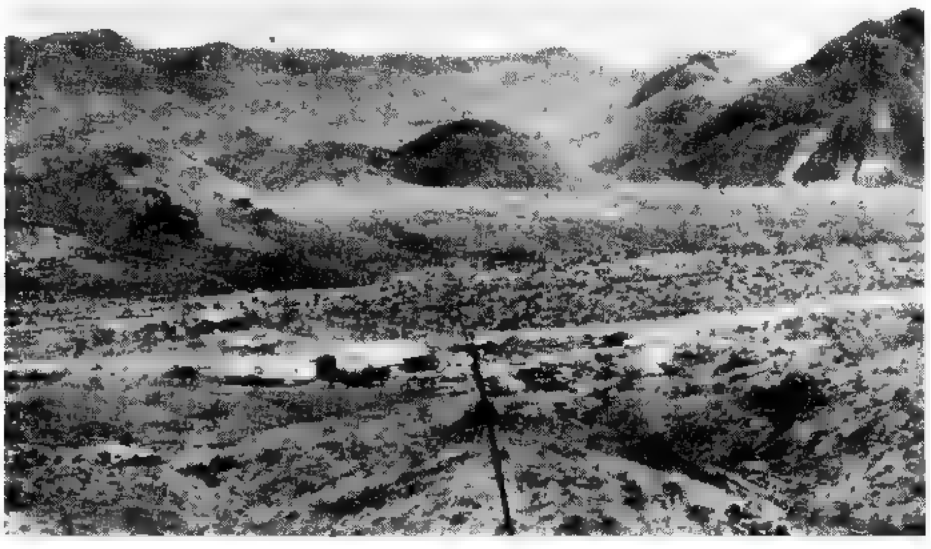
In 1920 we moved from the dying mining town to the booming farm town of Casa Grande, but Oldtrails was an unforgettable part of my life.

PUPILS

Alice Gray
Rose Mahana
Annie Marie Moser
Evelyn Schottmiller
Theresa Schottmiller
Helen Woods
Charles Dryden
Clarence Fennell
Allan Mahana
Floyd Parsons
Carl Vogal

Photos Courtesy Author

Below, Oldtrails photographed from the same exact spot in January 1972.



THE BIG DIG IN WILLITS

By Agnes Wright Spring

FOR twenty years folks in Willits, California accepted German-born Frank Wert as a town fixture. Frank, who had changed his name from Cwertnak to Wert, owned a four-acre tract on the fringe of the town. There he collected wrecked cars, auto parts, junk of all kinds and ran a gas pump. Several dilapidated shacks on his property added to the conglomeration.

Several times the city fathers tried to get Wert to clean up his place but he never seemed to get around to doing it. He never bothered anyone, just kept busy buying and selling junk and gasoline. He was a confidant of no one. He was loyal to his adopted country and flew the Stars and Stripes on a pole near his shack.

That recluse Frank Wert had money was an accepted fact by those who had dealings with him, but no one knew what he did with it for he had no bank account.

On June 17, 1955, Wert was found dead in his shack. A half-eaten can of fish on the table pointed to ptomaine as the probable cause of death.

According to local authorities the only known relative was a brother in a mental hospital in New Hampshire. There had been a sister but no trace of her could be found at the time.

With the announcement of Wert's death by Sheriff Bartolomei, there was a buzz of excitement in Willits, especially when it became known that there had only been a small amount of money in Wert's wallet when the body was found. Almost at once men, women and children began to dig on the Wert property in search of a money cache. Soon, however, a rumor spread in which "Mr. X," a local resident, intimated that he had seen the sheriff and his deputy find a cache of money and carry it away.

Sheriff Bartolomei, a man of reputed integrity, stoutly denied ever having seen a cache. His deputy also said that the rumor was false. Although this tale caused some folks to quit their frenzied digging, there were others who doubted Mr. X's story and they kept on probing. After a time, when nothing of value had been uncovered, the digging gradually ceased.

TWO local residents, Loser and Shuster, purchased the property. Within two or three years the Safeway Company displayed interest in the tract as a location for a new, big store. Before a sale could be consummated, however, a Ukiah contractor was hired to clean up the premises. He arrived with a bulldozer and went to work.

"Mr. C," whose property adjoined the Wert tract came over to watch the bulldozing and volunteered to lend a hand. About the last thing to be removed from the site was the old flag pole. When the pole was pulled up out of its socket, the concrete base in which the pole had been resting was found to be jammed full of bills of all denominations. There lay a cache said to amount to about $40,000!

There could be no doubt that the money had been squirreled away there by Frank Wert. Both of the "discoverers"—the contractor and the helping-hand neighbor—claimed to have seen the cache first. During the squabble which followed, news leaked out of the discovery of the treasure trove.

Elated to be thus exonerated of having stolen the money some time ago, Sheriff Bartolomei moved in and took charge of the find. He turned the money over to the public administrator, who tied it up

(Continued on page 56)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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"CHILD OF THE SUN"

Jay J. Kalez has written a folksy history of his home country entitled *This Town of Ours—Spokane, a Collection of Actual Incidents and Anecdotes Relative to the Pioneer Past of the West's Most Friendly Town—1804-1974* (Lawton Printing Company, Spokane, $3.95). Spokane, an Indian word, means "Child of the Sun" and also is the name which identifies three local Indian tribes. The first white men to see these people were fur trappers of British and French origin who left place names of historical significance. The author's story reaches beyond Spokane city limits and includes facts on early army and county developments plus pioneer missionary work among the Indians and the famous Whitman Massacre in Walla Walla County. One of the greatest American scrambles for homesteads took place in the Spokane vicinity in August 1905 when nearly a million acres of Indian reservation lands in Washington, northern Idaho, and western Montana were opened for homesteading. A registering hopeful paid 25¢ to file for a chance at drawing 160 acres out of 6,000 homesteads. Registering points were flooded with 294,536 citizens eager for land. How this unruly mob lived, fought and occupied themselves before and after the drawing makes for exciting reading. Good regional history.

SPECIALISTS!

American readers have demonstrated a ravenous appetite for facts, legends and folklore about men on the shady side of the law, and writers have willingly provided for the enormous market. A recent book dealing with the outlaw genre is *Road Agents and Train Robbers, Half a Century of Western Banditry* (Dodd, Mead & Company, $7.50) by Harry Sinclair Drago, author of numerous western books. Drago dedicates a large part of his book to outlaws of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountains. Some of these include Mexican folklore heroes, Joaquin Murrieta and Tiburcio Vasquez, as well as Black Bart, who bedeviled Wells Fargo successfully for an embarassingly long time. Others are members of the famous Plummer gang who terrorized citizens of Alder Gulch, Montana before vigilantes stretched their necks. East of the Rockies, the James Brothers robbed trains and banks but ended in defeat at Northfield, Minnesota. The Dalton tribe subtracted profits from banks and railroads until citizens of Coffeyville, Kansas gave the robbers a dose of fatal lead poisoning. We wonder why such super-highwaymen as Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch, the Currys, the McCartys and Black Jack Ketchum were omitted.

CRASH COURSE IN CAVING

The Amateur's Guide to Caves & Caving (Stackpole Books, $2.95) by David R. McClurg is a revelation on safe ways for exploring caverns. The book is reassuring to we cowards who find caving scary. The cavers credo is: don't cave alone; go properly equipped; take nothing but pictures; leave nothing but footprints; and kill nothing but time. Caving science is distinctive and the amateur is given details about caves, their formation, structure and plants and animals that live in them. Spelunkers have their own jargon, garbs and specialized equipment. Surveying, mapping, photography and dealing with emergencies are standard features of the game. Techniques of caving are amply described and expertly sketched. This is the best crash course in spelunking we've ever seen and recommend it for those with the courage to explore underground recesses.

CALIFORNIA INDIANS

Miwok Means People (Valley Publishers, Fresno, $5.95) by Eugene L. Conrotto describes the life and times of the little known Miwok Indians of California. A self-sufficient peaceful tribe when the Spaniards discovered them, they have declined in numbers to a few hundred. Both meat-eaters and vegetarians, they lived from the Mother Lode area northwest to Marin County on the coast where some of their ancestors welcomed Sir Francis Drake. Many Miwok houses were fairly stable wooden affairs; the people made crudely woven cloth; they manufactured excellent baskets; also used mealing stones, snared birds and animals, dug roots. They gathered nuts, acorns, grass seeds, and developed protected food storage bins and caches. They gambled, and played ball with rackets and leather and wooden balls. Well developed playing fields were constructed for their sports. Spaniards enslaved them. They were forced to give up their easily paced life of work and leisure, and had to sweat as field laborers and house servants. The gold rush miners further dispossessed them. Today the uncomplaining Miwoks need what other tribes are also short of—proper employment, education and a respect for their heritage. Conrotto has written a book that is immensely interesting and expertly describes this ethnic minority that few of us know about.

CONSERVATIONIST

Wild Rivers and Mountain Trails (Abingdon Press, $3.00) by Don Ian Smith is a series of natural history essays by a former cattle rancher, school teacher and United Methodist Church minister. Each chapter is a lesson on how to find joy and inspiration in sight of rivers, mountains, livestock and wildlife. Once a Salmon River, Idaho cattle rancher, Smith relished the outdoor life found in the pine-scented hills and along rapid streams where he fished for rainbow trout. In this background, he became obsessed with the enthusiasms which provoked his sermons on ecology. He finds parallels in the Bible which relate to his experiences in the Idaho wilderness. Quotes from Paul and Isaiah are brought into this context. Smith expresses himself in simple, earthy prose indicative of profound knowledge of the land, its creatures, and natural beauty. An ardent conservationist, the author admonishes us to maintain our natural resources in a productive state forever.

CUSTERIANA!

Western history buffs are apt to pass up a book with the title *East of Gettysburg* (Old Army Press, $6.00). Do not be fooled by the title—this is an important General George Armstrong Custer item. The author, David F. Riggs, made a careful study of the battlefield where Custer, two days after he was promoted to general, led his Michigan brigade against the cavalry of J. E. B. Stuart of the Confederates. The author also searched the literature of this cavalry battle and assembled the opinions of many historians. It seems safe to assume that the Union cavalry, with Custer having an important role, delayed Stuart's attack on the Union rear at the time of Pickett's famous charge and thus changed the course of history. This is the first unified account of the battle *East of Gettysburg* and is certainly worthwhile. Maps, drawings and color photos plus a bibliography enhance the text.

PACIFIC PICTORIAL

For those who have enjoyed the Pacific from the coast highways (and this reviewer has had that pleasure) there is a gorgeous new book that will serve as a permanent record of the experience—*The Pacific Coast* (Rand McNally, $25.00). The magnificent photographs of the coastal areas of California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia were made by Ray Atkeson, professional photographer of Portland, Oregon. The numerous plates are in full color and were carefully selected from Atkeson's photographs of the past thirty years. There isn't much text but what there is of it was written by another pro, Calvin Kentfield. It supplements the photos and enhances the book. A big handsome volume with 120 full color plates.—strongly recommended.

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The Big Un

(Continued from page 8)

been living at the ranch. Al Taylor, despite the many times he'd cussed out the Big Un for hanging around the kitchen door for his daily slop pail of potato peelings, was saddened when he fed the gentle bull his last handout. And Al's feelings were shared by Pete Olson and Ed Powell as they watched Frank Howe and Joe Contway in their futile attempts to drive the Big Un away from the ranch.

Finally after an hour or so had gone by and the Big Un with gentle stubborness was still balking and standing his ground, Howe had a brilliant idea.

"The Big Un," Howe told Joe Contway, "is broke to lead by that copper ring he had in his nose as a yearlin' when he came here. Like as not the copper ring is somewhere around the office." But after a futile search by Mac, the bookkeeper, they gave it up as a bad job and Howe got another idea. He got the leather stud halter from the barn and the Laird of Lanark was content to be led away without further protest.

"Leading that big, bewildered, slow-walkin' gentle Annie bull thataway," Howe later confessed, "was about the most shameful thing I ever done in my entire misspent life. It was like leadin' an old trusted, blindfolded friend to a hangin' tree. For more than two years that bull had easy pickin's, having his back scratched and chawin' his cud, plumb content in the company of them cows. Now he was leavin', not knowin' in his bull innocence what was in store for him. And I wasn't the only man that felt guilty as hell. For two cents we'd have eased off that stud halter and let him go back home, and the devil with that hundred bucks Judas money."

It took the best part of the day to lead the Big Un to the roundup camp and turn him loose among the grazing beef steers. Old white-whiskered Tex Alvord had charge of the herd and he roared like an African lion about having a bull chousin' up his fat beef steers, cussing out Howe and Contway with all the words he could lay tongue to. But Tex's temper wore itself out as he watched the gentle bull water at the creek and start grazing paying no mind to the steers grazing all around him.

"That's the damndest bull I ever seen in my life," old Tex said as he shook his head in puzzlement, "and I've seen a-plenty. What's the idea of throwin' him into my herd, Howe?"

"Tell your troubles to the wagon boss, Tex," said Howe. "Me'n Contway done what Brewster told us to do."

Tex Alvord was one of the best handlers of a beef herd in the whole country. Let any cowhand so much as trot one of the fat steers under the ever watchful squinted blue eyes of old Tex and that cowhand would get chawed out. Or let a cowboy on day herd take down his ketch rope, and the beef boss would send that luckless man to camp, beat down and talking to himself.

Actually Tex Alvord was a soft-spoken man. It took him at least five minutes to give you the time of day, and even in one of his cranky moods when he blew his cork and cussed a man out, his slow drawl never increased its cadence. Another thing about old Tex, he was apt to be touchy, thin skinned as frawg hair, easily offended, and sometimes for no apparent reason. Even the wagon boss had to handle him careful, for fear he'd blow up and quit.

IT WAS old Tex's boast that he could put many a pound of taller on his beef cattle by letting the herd spread out and graze all day to their last watering, then gather them slowly with the first shadows of twilight. And he'd stay with them until they were bedded down properly on the bedground he'd chosen.

During the few days the Big Un had been traveling with the steers, even old Tex was forced to admit that the bull had given him no sort of trouble, that when it came time to lay 'em down on the bedground he seemed to know by instinct it was time to quit grazing, and of his own accord he would locate some ancient buffalo wallow in a nearby coulee, within stone's throw of the herd, and bed down for the night.

In fact the Laird of Lanark had become a subject of conversation around camp of an evening. According to Horace Brewster's explanation, the prize bull was being shipped to Chicago for the purpose of winning further high awards at the Chicago Livestock Show. And that was that, and should have settled all arguments. But somehow the thread of a whispered rumor was making the rounds that the pedigreed Hereford was sterile as a cut steer and that accounted for his docile behavior—that the Big Un wasn't worth a damn as a seed bull—that Robert Coburn had blowed his cork when he'd found out and had given Brewster orders to ship him to the Chicago market to be sold.

When they cornered Frank Howe, however, he had his habitual glib, evasive explanation, and really poured it on.

"The Laird of Lanark is going back East to the National Livestock Show in style. He'll be shipped in a special pullman car, like they ship Thoroughbreds like Dan Patch around the country. Straw bedding in his stall, with baled hay and his own water bucket, and a gallon of bran mash three times a day, and brushed and curry-combed every day. Nothin's too good for that prize pedigreed bull."

Frank Howe by and large was the most accomplished, convincing and entertaining liar that ever held an audience spellbound. Even among his own kind of cowpunchers who were well aware of his reputation and took in his oratory with the proverbial grain of salt, Howe's words had them more than half-way convinced.

The Circle C roundup was camped on Big Warm Creek when Frank Howe made his windy talk. The following day the roundup moved to Wild Horse Creek about a mile from the Phillips sheep camp. Howe figured on slipping away from camp on his night horse about second guard from ten to twelve midnight, and leading the Big Un by the stud halter he'd put in the bed wagon to Phillips' sheep camp pasture. There the bull would be picked up by a Phillips

cowhand at daylight and led to the home ranch. Nobody would be wiser.

During the day, the Circle C nighthawk, Jack Davis, and Charlie Stuart, rep for the Circle Diamond outfit, had made a bet of a quart of good whiskey concerning a bullfight that would settle once and for all a friendly argument that had been going on for several days. Jack Davis maintained that the Big Un, on account of his huge size, if for no other reason, could whip any range bull in the cow country, while Charlie Stuart maintained otherwise.

The Circle Diamond owned a prize pedigreed Shorthorn that was said to be the meanest, orneriest bull in the country, bar none. That morning on circle Stuart had fetched him in with the morning drive and put him and a small bunch of cows with branded calves into a deserted homestead pasture, half a mile or more from the roundup camp.

Charlie Stuart and Rawhide Dan were due to stand cocktail guard. Stuart explained to Jack Davis that when the two cowhands on first guard showed up to relieve the two men on cocktail, old Tex would ride back to camp. Directly he was out of sight, Stuart and Rawhide Dan would get the Shorthorn bull from the pasture and drive him a quarter-mile or more into the long coulee where the Big Un was bedded down, a safe enough distance for the bullfight to take place.

A matched fight by the light of the full, silvery moon would be one for the book, Jack Davis agreed, and well worth the price of admission which was drinks for the house the night the cattle were shipped at the Malta stockyards. Five or six cowhands were among the chosen few who would witness the fight and keep their traps shut, because if Horace Brewster or Frank Howe, or old Tex Alvord in particular, were to get wind of it the names of Jack Davis and Charlie Stuart would be mud in your eye. And that went double for the few men who were invited to watch the fight. Therefore a tight bond of secrecy prevailed.

A LARGE round harvest moon shoved slowly above the rolling prairie skyline, bright enough for a man with good eyesight to read a newspaper. By the time Charlie Stuart and Rawhide Dan, with doubled ketch ropes, hazed the Shorthorn bull into the long coulee arena, the animal was on the prod, standing in his sulled tracks, pawing dirt and bawling a challenge.

The Laird of Lanark, who had never fought in his life, stood there in a state of bewilderment, curiously observing the dirt-pawing Shorthorn, only partly aware of the meaning of what was going on.

The old Shorthorn, victor of countless range fights, suddenly lowered his head and charged, thudding broadside into the ribs of the Big Un who staggered off balance. Hurt for the first time in his pampered life, the Laird of Lanark emitted a tremendous bawl of pain and sudden anger.

With his latent bull instincts finally aroused, the Big Un met the next charge with lowered head and short legs braced to withstand the head-on collision. Then they stood with heads down, horns locked, shoving with all their combined bull strength, with the Laird outweighing the veteran bull by a good 500 pounds.

The Shorthorn shifted his hind-quarters sideways, and by sheer instinct the Big Un also shifted his hind-quarters, thus keeping a counter-balance. Heads and horns locked, thick neck muscles taut, their rear ends moved in a slow circle, the cloven hoofs digging in as a brace. A powdery dust filtered up as their hoofs chewed bunch grass and buffalo grass down to the bare roots. They were breathing heavily from open, slobbering mouths, bawling low in their fury, tails lashing, hind-quarters slimed, their massive heads blood-reddened from the slow, grinding struggle. The superior weight of the Laird of Lanark began driving the Shorthorn bull back, inch by inch.

Time lost all meaning for the circle of mounted cowhands who watched the battle from a safe distance. It was plain to everyone that the old bull was tiring and losing ground under the constant pressure of the younger animal. Then the breakaway came with sudden swiftness. The weakened legs of the Shorthorn buckled, parting the locked heads. The forward lunge of the Big Un shot his huge bulk at least fifteen feet, and by the time he turned around his adversary was on his feet and making haste down the coulee.

The nearest cowpunchers spurred their horses to get clear of the running Shorthorn who was being pursued by the Big

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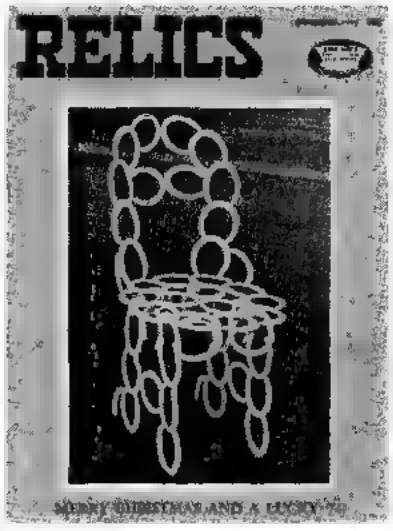

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Un. Both bulls were running full speed ahead and God help any mounted cowhand who tried to head them off.

The bellowing of the fighting bulls had long since aroused the peacefully bedded steers, who were now up on their feet and milling, crowding one another to keep clear of the two juggernauts that charged right through the broad middle of the herd.

"I got a big remuda to tend to, cow servants," Jack Davis announced when he saw what was happening. "I'll collect my bet, Stuart, when the sign's right. From where I'm sittin' you cowhands have a night's work ahead of you gathering that scattered beef herd and singin' 'em to sleep afore old Tex shows up. So long, boys, I gotta go!" The nighthawk sang back across his shoulder as he loped off.

"If we were to show up now, to help them fellers on guard," Charlie Stuart said with a mirthless grin, "it might be a dead giveaway. It's time we slipped back to camp easy like, and nobody's the wiser. Let them two gents on first guard quiet down their choused up cattle and earn their money."

"Charlie's correct as hell," Letch Lemon, the Milner Square rep, spoke up. "Us boys better slip back to camp and say nothin'. Them fellers on first guard will have it figgered it was just another fight between range bulls, another hard-luck happenstance."

"I don't want to be around, either, when old Tex finds two fightin' bulls amongst his beef steers." The rep for the Bear Paw Pool had a lopsided grin on his whiskered face when he spoke.

SOMEHOW they all managed to ease into the sleeping roundup camp, one at a time without being seen. Next morning at a before-daylight breakfast, Tex Alvord was as usual the first to finish. He dumped his empty plate, coffee cup and eating tools into the battered tin dishpan with a purposely loud clatter, bit off a corner of a gnawed plug of Star, tongued the tobacco into one white-whiskered cheek, and shoved the plug into the flank pocket of his saddle-warped Levi's.

"I got no idee," Tex spoke with his lazy drawl, "who are the pair of cowhands Brewster has put on day herd, but whoever them two fellers are they better get off their dead rumps where they're smokin' after breakfast cigarettes with an extra cup of java, reared back like millionaires. We don't keep banker's hours at the Circle C wagon, so get the hell out on day herd afore the sun burns holes in the seat of your britches. I'm going out to relieve them fellers on last guard." Old Tex sprayed a big clump of sagebrush as he limped over to his saddled horse near the bed wagon.

"Old Tex is kinda ringy this mornin'," Joe Contway volunteered "like his rheumatiz was botherin' him."

"Now that he ain't around to get an earful," Fred Roberts said in a confidential tone, "I'll let you boys in on it. One hell of a bullfight commenced in that long coulee while me'n Wash Lampkin was ridin' around 'em on first guard, just over the hill outa sight about half a mile away. It was a quiet night and the steers were bedded down chawin' their cuds plumb peaceful when some stray bull on the prod started bellerin' his challenge to one and all. Then directly some other bull was givin' up head, and soon a bullfight was on. It lasted a good half hour and me'n Wash had our hands full ridin' around the herd that was on their feet, singin' to them to keep 'em under control and keepin' our fingers crossed for good luck.

"Then all of a sudden the two bulls came over the skyline, runnin' hell bent for election, the whipped bull workin' in the lead, the other bull gainin' every jump. The devil with his pitchfork and all his sinners couldn't have stopped them two critters. They went plumb through the herd so close we could make out the Circle Diamond brand on the bull in the lead, and right on his rump was the Big Un. They was through the herd and long gone before me'n Wash knowed for sure what was goin' on. For all the world they was like a dust devil whirlwind. It took us the rest of our two hours guard time and the better half of second guard to get that beef herd settled down." Fred Roberts reached for the makings and twisted a smoke together.

Frank Howe broke the short silence. "Whatever became of the Laird of Lanark?" he asked.

"The last I seen of that prize bull he was hookin' at the slimy rump of the Circle Diamond's Shorthorn, makin' a bunch quitter outa him and runnin' him plumb outa the cow country," Fred Roberts told them.

"Hell of a note," Horace Brewster finally found his voice. "One hell of a note."

"WE GOT one more circle to ride," Brewster announced, "and let's all keep an eye peeled for the Big Un. Like as not he'll be tuckered out and layin' down somewhere to rest. Wash Lampkin will lead you boys on circle while me and Frank Howe go bull huntin'."

The sun was close to ten o'clock high when Brewster and Howe finally located the Laird of Lanark in a sizeable bunch of grazing cows, about five miles from where the steers had been bedded the night before. But Laird was not bedded down to sleep off the exertions of his first bullfight. Far from it.

"You see what I see, Howe?" Brewster asked, a wide grin on his stubbled face. They were sitting their horses on a hog-back ridge that overlooked the rolling prairie where the cows were grazing below.

"Yep," Frank Howe answered. "That two-year-old brockle-faced cow is shore enough bullin', and the Laird of Lanark is a-trompin' her heels."

Brewster swung down from his saddle. "It took that fight to wake the Big Un up to the facts of life, Howe. And you can tally one calf he's got so far for the season." Brewster slammed his sweat-stained old Stetson hat on the ground and tromped on it, like a one-man war dance, his white teeth bared in a jubilant grin.

"There goes the easiest hundred bucks I ever made in my misspent life," Frank

Howe said, then proceeded to confess the secret deal he'd made with B. D. Phillips —a deal that was automatically called off there and then and Brewster heartily agreed.

The two men rode down off the ridge and slowly through the grazing cattle, Brewster deciding to leave the Laird of Lanark where he was until all the bulls on the Circle C range were gathered and herded into the bull pasture.

When the cattle had been shipped and Brewster was back at the ranch and Robert Coburn had returned from Hot Springs, Brewster pridefully proclaimed that the Laird of Lanark had finally proven his worth. Then Brewster took my father out to where the Big Un was with the cows and they spent the rest of the day watching the once coddled and pampered prize Laird of Lanark, no longer the gentle Annie bull that would be content to laze around the ranch in the shade and have his back scratched.

That evening at sundown they rode over to the Phillips ranch to spend the night, and B. D. told them with a twinkle in his eye about the deal he had made with Frank Howe.

"I decided that what that bull needed was a dose of Spanish Fly mixed in a pail of bran to wake him up to the facts of life," B. D. explained. "I was willing to gamble on the experiment."

B. D. opened a drawer in his rolltop desk and took out a signed check made out to Robert Coburn for twice what my father had paid for the bull. He held the check out but my father shook his head, so B. D. tore the check up and dropped the pieces in the wastebasket, then brought out a bottle of aged whiskey and filled three cut-glass shot glasses.

"To the Laird of Lanark," he lifted his drink. "Bottoms up!" The three men drained their glasses.

Lost Mine at Sandia

(Continued from page 19)

Outfitted with two burros and armed with a Winchester rifle he set out across the Sandia *pueblo* land grant during the night to avoid being seen by anybody. When he reached the Barella campsite no ground sign had been erased nor had any of the tin cans or papers been carried away or buried. The firebed remained untouched—a pile of ashes and charcoal.

Though it didn't appear as if anyone had been snooping around, Pinos did not take any chances. Hiding his outfit behind some large boulders, he wiped out his tracks with a bundle of weeds. The next day he observed the Baca sheep on the lower bench, and felt a measure of relief that he was not entirely alone.

First of all, Pinos scouted widely to make certain that no one hid near him. At night he sat wrapped in a blanket against the mountain chill considering further. Somewhat belatedly, he realized that the best clue to the lost mine would be the dump. The quartz had to be crushed to obtain the gold. In that case an arrastre had been a necessity. While the stones could have been taken elsewhere, most likely the big slag dump had merely been covered over. It would be overgrown with vegetation, but a mound, or an unusual slope against a cliff wall, should reveal its location. The one other possibility gave him a feeling of despair. It might be that the ore had been packed off the peak to some other place for the gold recovery.

Going to work, Pinos systematically searched out the area where the shaft should be, according to the sheepherder. Within two weeks he realized that he had come around too far east in the mountains. He then retreated, ascending the peak beyond where the ore had been found. He looked for evidence that the Indians who killed his burros might have concealed the open shaft under a pile of rocks, but he found nothing to indicate such camouflaging.

One afternoon, probably a thousand feet high over camp, he came onto an arrow cut in the side of a big rock. It pointed down the peak side where there was evidence of a very old trail. While trying to work it out, hoping that it was part of the same trail discovered the year before, darkness put an end to that day's hunting.

Resuming where he left off the following morning, Pinos descended part-way to camp. Suddenly he grew very uneasy, his nerves tingling with fright. He sensed that dark and malevolent eyes watched his every move. Crouching behind a rock for some time, rifle ready to fire, he at last concluded that the strange sensation came from the strain of being constantly alert day and night.

Just as Pinos stood up to start down the trail, a bullet whining past his head smashed into the rock where he had sought refuge. As Pinos wheeled in the direction from which it came—higher up on the peak side—a second slug sang harmlessly overhead. Then a terrorizing series of yells erupted. Pinos saw them then, at least a dozen Indians, all carrying firearms. They plunged into the open directly at him. All were short, dark men of a tribe he did not recognize.

Pinos stood transfixed at the sight of them for only a bare instant. As he wheeled away, leaping into a run, the yelling increased. For five hundred feet he outdistanced them, then turned down a narrow strip of the peak slope where he had not been before. Before him loomed two huge masses of solid stone much higher than his head. He had passed on one side or the other of them previously, but had not been interested because they didn't meet the old sheepherder's description.

Now he raced toward them in sheer desperation, discovering a narrow passage between. Plunging straight into the opening between the rocks he had almost got through when he went downward as suddenly as though a powerful force had thrust him into the earth.

LANDING on the bottom slightly stunned, Pinos looked around. Sunlight was sifting down through broken old timbers and some new ones which had not been in place over the opening very long. In seconds he realized the truth. He had plunged into the same old mine shaft that the herder had! It had been

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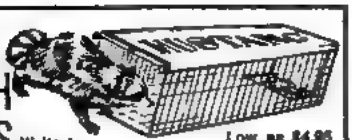

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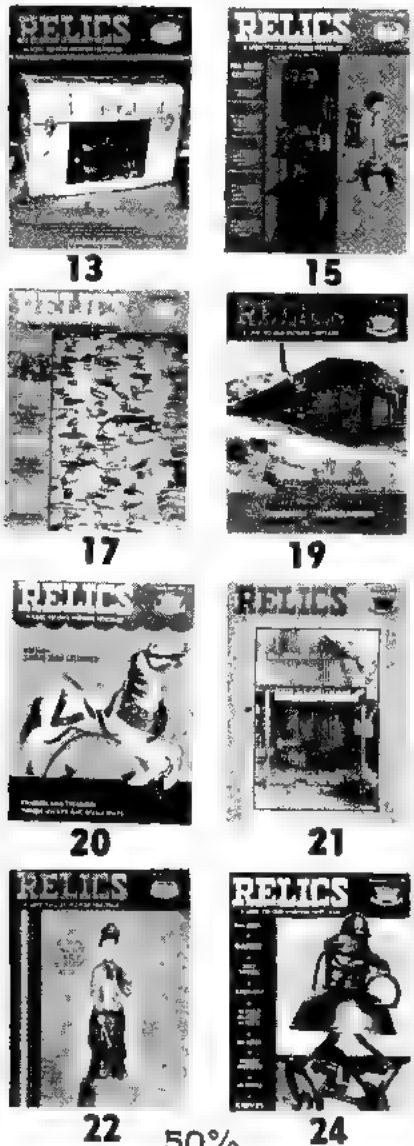

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cleverly reconcealed afterward by its mysterious Indian guardians.

Pinos crouched against one wall, his rifle ready to fire at the first Indian head appearing in the opening above. As time passed it grew hot in the shaft. Still not one Indian showed against the visible spot of sky. Nor could he hear any sound from the mountainside. Perhaps he was too deep below the surface.

For more than three hours Pinos sweated it out. Encouraged by the failure of the Indians to appear, he examined the shaft bottom. Refuse—mostly dead grass, weeds, tree bark and small limbs—filled it. The log foot-ladder had sunk into the debris.

Pinos dug out one corner with his hands. In the bottom were six ingots about five inches long and oval-shaped on one surface and at the ends. On each had been impressed a Christian cross. He had found some of the padres' gold!

The ingots were a little too wide and deep to slip into his pants pockets. Removing his shirt, Pinos tied them up in it. Then, with the bundle slung over one shoulder and the rifle clutched between his chest and left arm, he began climbing toward the patch of blue sky.

Halfway to the rim he reached a place where the ladder had been joined together. The two logs had been spliced curiously, wrapped with many strips of rawhide which now were dangerously on the point of tearing apart. Pinos crossed the joint gingerly. If it broke, he might never get out of the vertical-sided shaft. But he made it without mishap.

Reaching the rim, Pinos listened intently before exposing his head. When a fast survey disclosed no danger, he hastened thankfully out onto firm ground. There he crouched beside the big rock on the east, reconnoitering.

Curiously, Pinos no longer sensed any danger, yet he didn't become careless. The Indians had most certainly been bent on vengeance. He descended warily to camp, where his burros grazed nearby undisturbed, and nothing was missing from his equipment.

Packing up quickly, he dropped lower into the timber. There he remained hidden and on guard until night closed down. Even then, moving on slowly, he descended into the foothills with due caution.

By daylight he had arrived at the river farm. Worn out as Pinos was, he still couldn't wait to show the ingots to his father. The aged man listened to the story, his wrinkled face evincing not a sign of interest.

"It is better to be alive than a *rico* dead man," he said gloomily.

THIS TIME Pinos sold his gold to a mining company and was treated honestly. The ingots brought him a little more than $8,000.

Señora Pinos was very happy over their good fortune, but because Juan had come so near losing his life her desire for more wealth ended. She no longer argued that he must return to Sandia Peak.

Investing a thousand dollars in a new place, they opened a *tendejon* with a restaurant section. Each handled the department which was most familiar.

When Pinos needed to work the farm during the growing season, his wife's sister helped in the *tendejon*. In 1912 his father died. For three years the farm was rented to a family in Alameda and was finally sold to them.

The Pinos prospered in their combined business. Before long they installed themselves in a larger place above the plaza on San Felipe Road. They were a genial, friendly and helpful couple.

As time went on, Pinos was wont to describe his adventures on Sandia Peak. Many were his eager listeners, but the Barella brothers scoffed loudly. Pinos, they said, must surely have stolen the gold from some mine; he belonged in the penitentiary at Santa Fe for being a liar and a thief; unless he mended his ways he would surely reach there some day.

Many times Pinos reviewed in his mind every day and every yard spent searching on Sandia peak. When friends urged him to lead them there, he always shook his head—but eventually the urge to try once more intrigued him. A mellowing kind of romantic adventure spread an aura over the lost mine. One day Pinos unwisely announced to several people over drinks that he intended going back.

Perhaps he was as lazy as indulgent friends claimed. At any rate, riding one mule and leading a packed one, he left town late one morning in August. The sun burned hot overhead. By the middle of the afternoon he was saddle-sore and limp as a rag.

Another view of Sandia pueblo. The Sandia Mountains in distance.

Pinos went into camp near a wash east of the railroad tracks. Sandia Peak's summit loomed stark in the northeastern sky. With his stock hobbled out, he slept a long time, awakening in the cool dusk to kindle a fire of sagebrush and cook a meal.

Sitting contentedly by the dying coals as the stars came out, he was startled by a voice issuing from the wash. "Hey, Juan *amigo*, you go for more gold, eh?"

The voice in broken English sounded familiar but he did not recognize it. "*Quien es?*" he called.

His answer was a mirthless chuckle. The hidden man refused to reply in Spanish. "Juan, you go from here, you be killed!"

"What are you talking about?"

"We savvy you go back for more gold. You go there this time, we kill for sure!"

"Who are you?" Pinos remained puzzled by the familiar tone of the man's voice and yet he could not then or later identify it.

"No matter. You got this warning. You never get on the peak again."

"Come up and talk to me."

There was no answer to that or repeated calls. Rising, Pinos went over to peer into the wash but saw nothing. As he turned back toward the firebed, rifles crashed in a half-circle far on the other side of camp. Bullets whined over his head.

Not delaying, Pinos packed up that night, departing in the certainty that an unknown number of Indians watched him go. Nor did he doubt their intention of shooting to kill if he had tried to go on to Sandia Peak.

When his scare wore off, he told about the incident but no one except Señora Pinos believed it actually happened.

The lost Spanish mine on Sandia Peak has been hunted to this day. Despite a firm conviction by some that it is still watched over by ancient Indians, there have been no reports of anyone having been shot. Perhaps none of the searchers has come close enough to where Pinos made his find so long ago.

Fruit Tramps

(Continued from page 14)

half-mile down, we were a mess—wet feet, scratched faces and hands. We waited until it was real dark before going up on the bank, and got going.

We only passed two wagons coming from Santa Barbara; each one had a lighted lantern hanging on the rear. We just stayed behind some giant poplar trees that lined the road and let them pass. In a couple of hours we arrived on the outskirts of Santa Barbara. There was a deep drainage ditch on the north side of the road where we hid for the night.

AT the break of day we were on our way toward the beach. We didn't stop to cook breakfast for we wanted to get through Santa Barbara as early as we could and cut down the chances of being picked up. If you were caught in town with no job or money on you, the officers could take you in for being a vagrant. The usual sentence was thirty days at hard labor with no pay and poor meals.

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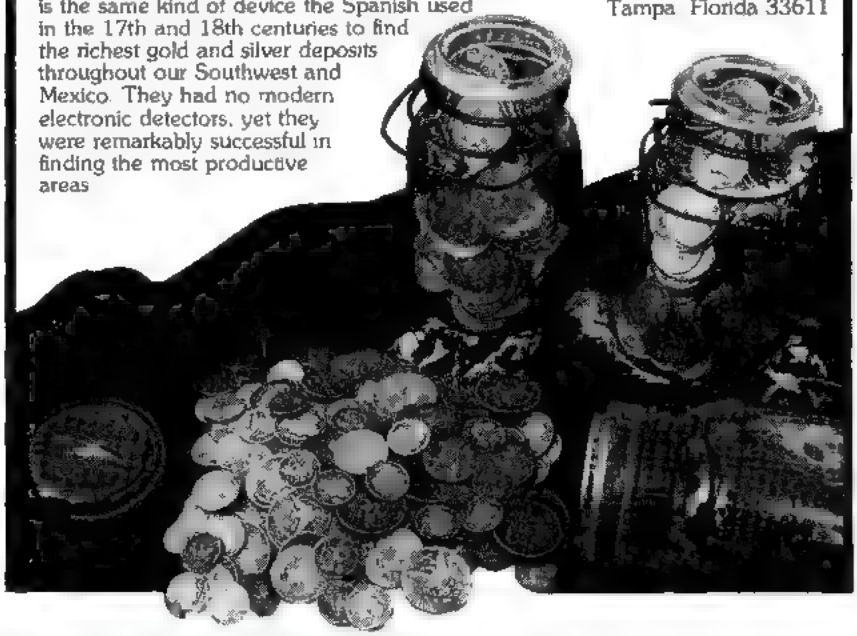

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So along the beach we went, for there wouldn't be anyone along at that early hour, especially an officer.

We didn't stop until we hit the little town of Summerland. At that time there were little wharfs extending out into the ocean with oil rigs on them—dozens of them pumping oil from the deep ocean floor. We located a deserted barn along the railroad tracks and made a bed in the loft. Our meal was cooked on the ground in front of the barn. After we'd shot a couple of cottontail rabbits and some jacksnipes along the beach, we took what little change we had over to the grocery store and bought some potatoes, a couple of onions, and some bread. We still had a little bacon rind we used for grease to cook the spuds. The rabbits and birds we cooked right over the open fire, and did they taste good.

The next morning we went down the beach and shot at a shore bird, but the lead jammed in the barrel so the rifle was of no more use to us.

We met a kid on the beach and told him he could have the gun for a dollar but he would have to get the lead out of the barrel before he could use it. He said he could fix it but he had to go home to get the dollar. We told him where we were camped and later he showed up with the money. I asked him how he was going to remove the lead that was stuck in the barrel and he said, "That's easy. I just get some thick wire and get it red hot in a fire and keep poking it down the barrel until I melt the lead out."

We figured it was about time to move on so we wrapped up the cooked rabbits and birds we had left and the rest of our grub and were on our way. We soon passed through Carpenteria—just a station on the road—then took a little narrow road over a hill and down to the beach of the Rincon. Here again there was nothing at that time. The road that went from there to Ventura was mostly on the sand of the beach and around the rocky points, and could only be made at low tide. There were a few small stretches along the beach but, at best, half the way was along the sand.

TOWARDS evening we came to a little creek that emptied into the ocean. That place now is an oil field, but at that time was a Spanish ranch. The little creek was a stopping place for hobos and travelers. Small willows covered the banks.

We had just made a camp when the Spanish man that owned the ranch called on us. He hired Claude for three days to help him sled hay off of the hills. Claude was to receive $1.50 a day and meals. I sold the rancher my folding axe for $1.00 and my thirty-two pistol for $2.50.

I always carried a fishing line, hooks, and sinkers in my suitcase so I was able to catch some surf fish, but when Claude would come to camp and tell me what good meals he was getting at the ranch house it made me hungrier than I really was.

The second day I was there I had started to fish in the surf when I noticed a couple with a team and light wagon, camped about a quarter of a mile down the beach. They had a fire going so I worked my way down the beach toward them, casting my line in the ocean now and then. When I got just opposite them, I could smell good old lima beans cooking.

Now and then I would look up their way and finally the woman motioned for me to come on up to their camp. When I got there she asked if I lived around there and I told her, no, I was just camping up by the creek and waiting for my partner who was working in the hay. The couple asked me about the road up ahead and I told them they could only make it at low tide.

The woman asked me to join them in their meal and I didn't need any coaxing. She had a dipper to dish the beans with and gave me a large porcelain plate and cup. The beans were cooked with a ham hock and there was also a Dutch oven full of biscuits. Beans, biscuits and coffee—what a meal—and she gave me seconds. I thanked her and told her I would try and catch some surf fish for them as they were going to camp there until the next day.

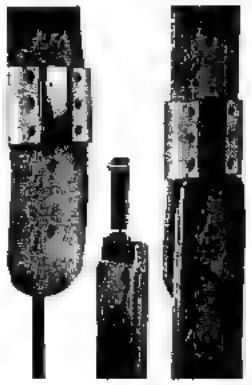
I fished for about two hours and was lucky and caught four nice fish. I cleaned and scaled them by the creek before I took them to her, and therefore helped pay for my meal. (One thing I could never do was come right out and ask anyone for a meal like most fellows did who were on the road; more than once I have been a day or two without meals.)

ON the third day I decided I would go up to the ranch house and make out like I was trying to find out how long Claude was going to work there. I already knew, but it gave me an excuse to call. As I neared the house the dogs started barking and the rancher's wife came out on the front porch to see who I was and what I wanted.

She called the dogs off and asked me who I was and I told her my partner was working for her husband sledding in hay. I wondered how many days he would be working there as I was out of food. She said, "You mean to tell me that you, a little boy, have been camping down here with not much to eat and your partner has been eating up here and not saying you are down there? You poor little boy, you come right in. They will be in to eat in a few minutes." So I sat in the kitchen while she got dinner ready.

She asked me a lot of questions, where I came from and why I was on the road,

Unidentified church at Piru, California.



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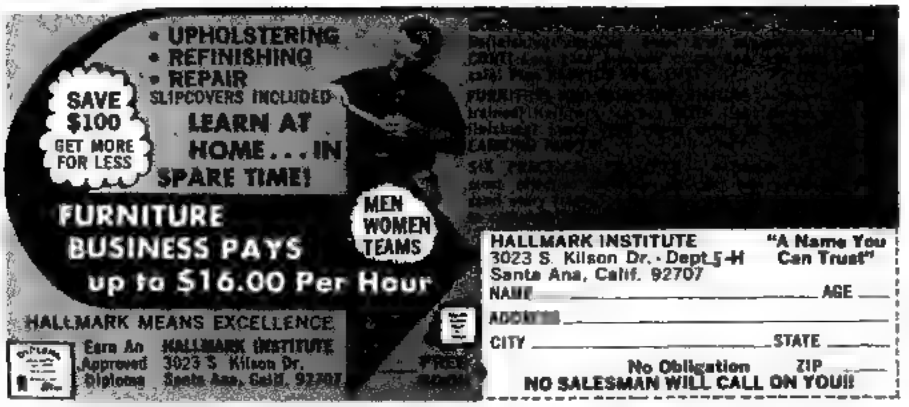
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and then her husband and Claude came in. Claude was surprised to see me sitting in the kitchen. Then the lady of the house tore into her husband in Spanish and I could understand enough to know she was giving him the devil for not letting her know I was down there. She also gave Claude a bawling out.

Soon things simmered down and we started to eat—real good Spanish food: beans, chili con carne, tortillas, and milk or coffee. I washed the dishes for her and cut up a big pile of stovewood. She told me to come back and eat supper with them and I sure did. After supper Claude was paid $4.50 for three days' work. The lady told me to come up and have breakfast before we left the next morning, and we thanked her.

After breakfast we bade them goodbye and she handed us some food in a paper bag. She said it was for our lunch. It was chili beans rolled up in tortillas and around noon, after hiking along the beach, it tasted mighty good. We reached Ventura late in the day. There was a store near the depot where we bought a loaf of bread, a dime's worth of cheese, and started hiking down the road.

We were soon overtaken by a team and wagon, and the driver gave us a ride to within two miles of Santa Paula. By now it was dark and we made our way into town and camped under the same sycamore trees that we had camped by when we first hit Santa Paula.

The next morning we went to the hardware store where we had bought our two watches, and Claude told the owner what bad luck we had had and asked him if he would take the two watches back for 50¢ each—just half what we had paid for them. He looked at them and said, "They're just like new. I'll give you $1.00 each, what I sold them to you for." We sure thanked him. He was a real nice guy.

So together with the money Claude worked for, and the money from the articles we sold, we had enough to take the train to Los Angeles and a little over. I went to my sister and brother-in-law's, and started to board with them again. I got my board and room for $3.00 a week and I could almost always make that much doing odd jobs around Belvedere.

Only one week that I remember was I short and I took a shotgun down to Los Angeles and pawned it for $2.50 to make up my board money. I always tried to pay my bills.

Sixty-Seven Days Around the World

(Continued from page 9)

went for the phenomenal sum of $500 each. Two other lectures were given for the general public which raised more funds for the venture.

At 6 a.m., on the dark, chilly, morning of March 18, 1890, a large crowd gathered on the downtown streets of Tacoma to watch as Train started out, by horse and buggy, on the first lap of his long journey. He was accompanied by a reporter, Sam Wall, who probably went along to keep Citizen Train honest, as well as to report back to his newspaper the progress of the trip. He also saw that schedules were maintained.

George Francis Train

Wall later wrote an account of the journey entitled "Around the World with Train—A Typhoon." The day before the departure, Wall had seen an interesting new item in a shop window which he bought for the trip. It was a Kodak camera which became his constant companion and served to illustrate his book.

The two left Tacoma on board the steamer *Olympiad*, transferred to the *Abyssinia* at Victoria, British Columbia, and were off to the Orient. The itinerary took them to Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Columbo, Aden, Port Said, Italy, Paris, Calais, Dover, London, Holyhead, Dublin, and Queenstown without a snag.

Wall rushed daily reports back to the *Ledger* by cable. Train's "grip sack and umbrella" became a familiar sight to newsmen in this flight between steamer wharves and railroad stations.

Train told the people in some of these countries that someday he would be president of the United States. He seemed to be a compulsive talker who fascinated his audience—whether two or two thousand people. "Train, sixty days around the World," he would announce grandiosely in English or Chinese.

Strangely enough everyone he encountered seemed only too willing to help him attain his goal. In gratitude he handed out his personal autographs as tips to people who helped him, with the promise that someday the slips of paper would be worth $100 each.

ALTHOUGH Wall and Train had become quite famous all over the world as people followed their exploits, when they arrived in New York City they were faced with nothing but frustration. The special train which was supposed to be ready to race them across the continent to the West Coast was not waiting for them, and no one seemed to know anything about it. Even Radebaugh was of no help. He had just broken his leg and was temporarily out of circulation. Wall blamed a railroad land agent from Tacoma, who was at odds with the publisher, for the mix-up in the schedule.

Finally the New York *Sun* came to their assistance. A special car was obtained for $1,000 which transported them to Portland, Oregon. Further delays plagued them there, however. A bridge burned out near The Dalles, and another special train which was scheduled to meet them mysteriously failed to appear. They had to rely on a regular passenger train, adding precious hours to the projected time of arrival. It had taken them seven days to cross the United States.

By the time they reached Centralia, Washington, however, throngs of people from throughout the state rushed out to wave them on. Excitement continued to grow until finally on May 24, 1890 Train arrived in Tacoma, setting a new record in around-the-world travel—67 days, 13 hours, 2 minutes and 55 seconds.

As so often happens, Train's fame was short-lived. Upon arriving in Tacoma he announced plans for another round-the-world trip to commence in October, one which he would complete in 42½ days. But the magic was gone. In November George Train returned to the East, disappointed that Tacoma had not given him the honor he felt was his due.

Wall stayed on in Tacoma, becoming editor of a newspaper called *The Evening Telegram*. His life seems to have been lived in comparative quiet except for one incident. Wall became so incensed at an article which appeared in another newspaper, an article which he felt attacked his character, that he obtained a gun, went to the rival office and shot the editor, Herbert Sylvester Harcourt. Fortunately for both, a small piece of metal in Mr. Harcourt's hat deflected the bullet and saved his life.

Sam Wall was never brought to trial. A man's honor was not to be taken lightly in the Old West, and most Tacomans agreed that Sam had taken the proper course of defense.

Angel of the Yukon

(Continued from page 23)

called Doctor Welch and reported the case. He said he'd send someone out to tack up a red quarantine card.

"When I called on Carl the following morning I found him much improved, but boiling mad. In sheer disgust he shouted, 'The men of this town don't trust me! Would you believe they sent the police out here at eleven o'clock last night, and in a driving snowstorm, and me sick with a high temperature, to put up that damn quarantine card on my door?'

"'Have you ever given them reason to distrust you, Carl?' I asked.

"'Well, perhaps.' Then angrily he said, 'How long will this sign be on my door?'

"'Three weeks,' I told him. 'We don't have an incubator to test cultures, so Doctor Welch wired the Health Department at Washington D. C. and was instructed to hold all quarantines for three weeks. We shall abide by that order.'

"'Do I have to stay in this one room for three weeks?' he blared. 'That's a long time! I'll go raving mad!'

"'No, you won't. When you're able, you can walk out on the sea ice, or back into the country where you won't come in contact with anyone.' (The Bering Sea was frozen solidly for a distance of six miles and it was a safe, pleasant

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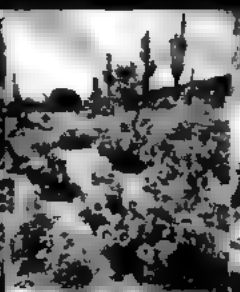
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walk for those who cared to take it.)

"About a week later, Doctor Welch telephoned to ask me to go to the red-light district and give a neutralization shot of antitoxin to a woman there. He had learned that Carl had broken quarantine and spent the night with her.

"As I hung up the receiver my mind went over some of the famous names of former residents of Nome's red-light district. There had been 'Fairbanks Kitty,' 'Fair and Square,' 'Polly Marie,' 'Maybelle,' and 'Ever Ready.' Now I was to visit this area situated in the center of Nome. We nurses at the hospital often remarked that it certainly was handy to the business section of town.

"My first reaction was something of a shock but, after thinking it over, I laughed and was sure the other nurses would enjoy hearing my story. I made up my mind to keep my dignity and treat 'Georgia' as I would any other patient. Eleven a.m. was selected as the most appropriate time to visit this woman.

"There was a deep snow through which I waded, following a dog trail until I reached the gate. There, much to my surprise, was a well-swept board sidewalk leading right up to Georgia's door. I smiled as I walked on it. It had been such a long time since I'd walked on a clean sidewalk.

"I rapped timidly on the door, which a man opened almost immediately. I was surprised, and the man appeared much more so at seeing a woman instead of one of Georgia's customers.

" 'Come in,' he invited cordially.

"I stepped inside, not knowing what to expect, while the man excused himself and, passing behind me, went out the door. The room was tastefully arranged, clean, and warm. I could hear rustling in the next room, the door of which was closed. After a moment Georgia appeared, wrapped in a flashy bathrobe.

" 'Did you come to give me a shot of antitoxin?' she asked with bright interest.

" 'Yes,' I replied in my most official tone.

"She walked over and flopped herself down in an easy chair, completely at ease. Nodding her head toward the bedroom door she said, 'When he goes.' Speechless, I stood there gazing at her limp form. She wore a complete make-up and her hair was well groomed. I couldn't say she was beautiful, but I must admit she was attractive.

"I heard a back door open and close, and Georgia got up and leaned over a chair back. I placed the needle against her white thigh and gave her the shot of serum. She thanked me most graciously.

"At the office I telephoned Doctor Welch and told him of my experience. He almost yelled into the receiver, 'Good heavens, woman, didn't you telephone and make an appointment?'

" 'No,' I said weakly, 'I didn't think such women kept open house day and night.'

The doctor laughed outright. 'My dear Miss Morgan, most miners on small claims near town only come in during the daytime. Always make an appointment so these women can clear house.'

"FROM that time on, Georgia considered me her friend, at least to all outward appearances. She'd speak to me on the street, and if she could, strike up a conversation. This she always appeared keen on doing. I gathered she was lonely for female companionship. My nurse chum asked me one day with a sly smile why I didn't introduce my 'friend.'

"A week passed, and one day I was bowled over upon receiving a telephone call from the chief jailer. I could almost feel myself walking into a cell for some blunder I'd made. But a second later I was given a reprieve when the stern voice said, 'Miss Morgan, is King Oscar's partner properly disinfected?'

"I let out my breath and answered, 'He was given the proper tablets and full instructions as to disinfecting himself and the house. I hope the man has fully carried them out.'

" 'Just a moment—I'll see if Judge Loman has any orders to give.'

"I waited with the receiver pressed hard against my ear, wondering what orders Judge Loman could give. Then a soft male voice came over the wire. 'How are you, nurse?'

" 'Is that you, Carl?' I cried in surprise.

" 'Yes ma'am. Would you believe this here old jailer is plumb scared to death for fear I'll give him diphtheria. I do hope I can!'

"I couldn't help laughing. 'What did they do to you?'

" 'Fifty dollars fine and ten days in jail.' With that, the receiver landed with a thud on the desk top.

"I waited until the stern voice came back on and said, 'The judge has no further orders, ma'am.'

"I WAS beginning to feel that the terrible epidemic was quelled when I got a call to go to the Mason home. I found the father sitting by the stove, his body bent forward and his head resting in his hands. A baby of about ten months was playing on the floor. I could hear voices coming from the bedroom, and became alarmed because of the man's worried attitude. His temperature was 102° and there was a slight membrane on his tonsils. I gave him the usual 10,000 units of antitoxin and assured him, 'You're not too sick. Brace up and face the issue.'

"He nodded toward the bedroom. 'My wife is very ill, though. She's had a miscarriage and the doctor gives us little hope for recovery.'

"When I went to investigate, I found two neighbor women doing what they could for Mrs. Mason. One of them was a retired nurse. They told me there was nothing I could do. However, I gave the toddler 1,000 units of serum as a preventive measure and reluctantly left. On calling the following morning I learned the woman was dead. The baby was in its crib; her husband was sitting by the stove. His temperature was now normal.

"He looked at me sadly and asked, 'How am I going to bury my wife, or get someone to care for my baby with that red card on the door?'

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"'Don't worry, I'll see what can be done,' I told him.

"When informed of the situation, Doctor Welch conferred with the health committee and then instructed me to go back and remove the quarantine sign and permit Mr. Mason to bury his wife. The sign was not put up again, but the authorities did expect him to observe the quarantine rules and not expose others to the dreaded disease. The man secured a woman to care for the baby until other arrangements could be made.

"Several days later our native girl who washed dishes at the hospital failed to appear for work. I hurried out to find out why and found her ill with a high temperature and a membrane on her throat.

"'Now how in the world did you come to be infected with diphtheria at this late date?' I demanded. 'We've practically cleared Nome of every case.'

"She could not face me, and turned in bed.

"'Tell me,' I again demanded.

"'Well—that Mr. Mason has been spending his nights with me,' she confessed.

"Now I was angry. 'You knew he had diphtheria and you permitted him to stay!'

"'But he said he was out of quarantine. And he's lonely. No white persons will admit him to their homes.'

"Then I really exploded. 'I told you not to rent this place and live here by yourself. You, a native girl, know perfectly well you cannot stand up against a white man. They just walk in and take over. You cannot protect yourself.'

"She lay quietly for a while, then in a pleading voice asked, 'Please, Miss Morgan, will you get someone to stay with me? He'll not come back now that the sign is on my door, but I can't stay here alone.'

"When I informed Doctor Welch of the situation he managed to have the girl's aunt come out and stay with her.

"A few day later the quarantine was lifted from Nome and the schools and meeting places reopened. The frightful siege was over, but the memory of it was to live long in Alaska.

"Pondering it afterward, when I'd had time to rest and relax, I felt I had played a minor role during those anxious days. The real heroes were the men and dogs who'd risked their lives to bring in the antitoxin. I was but the privileged instrument in the hands of fate that administered precious life-saving serum, and whatever fame has been attached to me, I have worn humbly.

"But those courageous men who urged their weary half-frozen dogs on through hours of freezing Arctic cold—no praise or glory can ever compensate in terms of the terrible suffering they underwent, or the human lives they saved."

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 41)

until the rightful heirs could be located.

Ultimately the money was turned over to the guardian of the only known heir of Frank Wert, his brother in the mental hospital in New Hampshire. The two finders who had let the $40,000 slip out of their grasp, realized too late that for them silence might have been golden.

Mr. X, the man who had spread the malicious tale about the sheriff and his deputy, moved away from Willits. Why he had attempted to discredit the sheriff was never disclosed.

Hundreds of folks today walk back and forth to the Safeway store in Willits little realizing that the site was once the subject of a feverish treasure hunt.

CIRCUS TRAINS WRECKED AT ELLIS

ON August 10, 1873 two trains carrying John Robinson's circus collided at Ellis on the Kansas Pacific. The Robinson Circus was one of the largest and best known in 19th century America. This story about the wreck, datelined Hays, appeared in the Topeka *Daily Commonwealth* on August 13:

"Yesterday morning at 3:30 the rear train of Robinson's circus and menagerie played an antic with the train in front that for a while set all the people, including the gorilla and elephant, in a fine state of nervous anxiety.

"The front train had stopped at the depot and signalled the rear one to stop, but on she came, full tilt; all the shaking of lamps, yelling and swearing of those in front had no effect whatever. Things became lively in the caboose of the first train, and about thirty people began hastily to crawl out. The engineer, foreseeing a collision inevitable, suddenly started up to pull out of the way but his haste proved most destructive—the jerk broke the train in two, leaving about fifteen cars standing on the track. The next instant the crash occurred, and the second train came to a most beautiful halt. The front caboose became . . . elevated and shoved up over the engine, breaking the smoke stack off; the next car smashed, while the two cars in front of that, filled with horses and men asleep, were completely capsized and thrown from the track.

"Confusion reigned supreme, the lion roared; the gorilla swore; the monkeys scolded; the rhinoceros frowned aloud; and among the broken baggage the elephant, in a terrible rage, was observed looking for his trunk and grumbling at the carelessness of the engineer in sleeping when such precious freight as himself was being transported. Men with axes and hammers were soon at work on the two capsized cars, cutting open the top. The horses rolled out almost unharmed, and men followed; no serious damage done to them.

"The rear train was composed mostly of platform cars, loaded with animal cages, which were all rather seriously shaken. Each one pitched forward, and only stopped with front wheels jammed between the cars. . . . The cages were soon righted and ready for traveling. In the rear of the train were three sleepers and a caboose filled with sleeping people who were suddenly awakened to find they had come to a full stop. The platforms were smashed together and broken, yet in all the train no human being or other animal had been seriously injured.

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"The horses were soon reloaded amid much swearing—the sleeping engineer was anxiously looked for, as Robinson's men seemed desirous to present him with a hempen collar as a mark of their gratitude—the cars were backed on the switch, the train made up again, and in three hours from the time of the collision moved majestically past the broken engine and passed on to other scenes of pleasure and profit. . . .

"Upon examination it was found that the engineer and fireman of the last train had been indulging too freely in 'tanglefoot,' thus adding another pleasing incident resulting from the use of whiskey." —*Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.*

Riddle of the Pitchfork

(Continued from page 27)

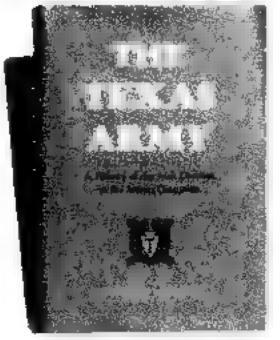
OTTO FRANC came to the West a bachelor and remained one. But he built a commodious stone residence, and the barns, corrals, and other outbuildings were well constructed and arranged for convenience. Along with the other big cattlemen of the basin, Franc found these early years prosperous, but there were soon signs that this cattlemen's paradise would be short-lived.

As early as 1881 the Andrew Wilson family from Ohio settled on Meeteetse Creek, a tributary of the Greybull, not many miles below the Pitchfork. Mrs. Wilson and her daughters are said to have been the first white women in the Big Horn Basin. Soon a mail route was laid out from Lander over the mountains to the south, to Billings in Montana. The first post office, called Franc, was in the Wilson home, with Mrs. Wilson as postmistress. And Otto Franc, rather than resenting this family (the portent of more to come) was a good, helpful neighbor.

In the span of a few short years, in fact, many things conspired against the cattle kings. The summer of 1886, with the range now badly overstocked, was a time of severe drought. Cattle went into the winter in poor shape. That hard winter of 1886-1887 has long been a saga of the range country. Ranchers who had branded thousands in 1886 branded only hundreds in 1887. It was the death knell for many big outfits—more than half in the basin went under, including all those owned by foreign or absentee investors. Among the four or five cattlemen who survived was Otto Franc of the Pitchfork.

On the heels of that hard winter, market prices of cattle dropped drastically, partly caused by the glut on the market because of the forced liquidation of stock. And to add to his woes, by that time the big cattleman was facing another hazard. In the late eighties and early nineties the small settler discovered the Big Horn Basin. Homesteads were taken up on every creek, depriving the cattlemen of needed water, as well as range, and handicapping the mobility of his herds.

From the mouth of the Greybull to its source above the Pitchfork, the homes of the nesters sprang up like mushrooms. Small settlements—Otto, Burlington, Cody, Meeteetse, Basin—were founded. Nu-



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The author holds two degrees from The University of Texas and is a former instructor in history at Stephen F. Austin, Nacogdoches, Texas.

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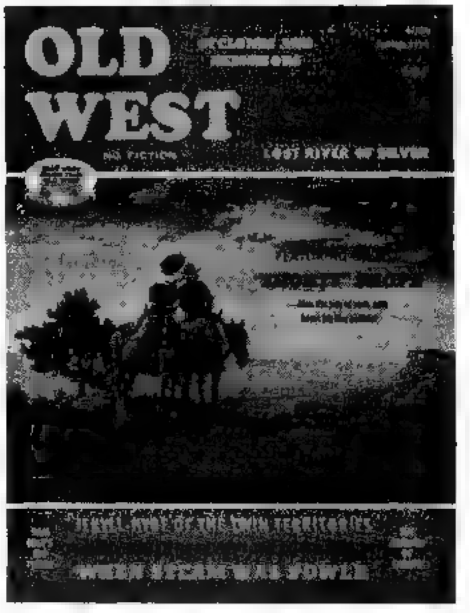

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merous post offices, often only a corner in a settler's home, cared for the U. S. mail. Trails became roads; schoolhouses and churches were built. These settlers, unlike the roving cowboy, had families, and they had come to stay.

The sheepmen, already in the basin, also were appearing in ever increasing numbers. Range that was free to the cattlemen was also free to the sheepman. And that salt sage on the foothill slopes was excellent sheep feed—one more thing that spelled the doom of the big cattleman.

Otto Franc would have preferred to retain his far-flung range, his big herds, but he made no attempt to fight the change; instead, he prepared for it. Through the years of transition he fenced all his deeded land. He planted broad acres to alfalfa and timothy, so he could harvest feed for the winter and no longer be dependent on open winter range. He built a good irrigation system, a necessity in the dry Big Horn Basin, and put in a complete underground drainage system. He upgraded his cattle until he had a good line of Herefords and Shorthorns.

By accepting the inevitable, by foresight and good management, Franc could survive the nesters, the sheepmen, the hard winters. He simply changed his type of operation, and he kept the good will and respect of his neighbors.

FRANC helped the small settlers. The Mormons came to the Otto and Burlington areas, on the lower Greybull River, in 1893. Before their irrigation system was complete they were faced with no crops and no income. Otto Franc gave many of them work, some as cowhands, others building fences and irrigation ditches. A man with a harder head and heart might have reasoned that allowing these people to starve out would have been more to his advantage.

In the early eighties, Franc, along with Torrey, Lovell, Belknap, and other big cattlemen of the basin, became a member of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association. He served on the executive committee from 1885 to 1888. The first roundup of the basin under Association rules—always beginning May 10—was in 1881, preceded by a local stock growers meeting at the Pitchfork.

Having once joined, cattlemen of the basin were expected to run their stock by Association regulations. This included hiring practices, roundup organization, disposition of mavericks, and the use of reps and range detectives.

A cowboy riding the range had ample opportunity to find unbranded calves. Throughout the state many a puncher had acquired a brand and built up a herd, often in a remarkably short time. To combat this practice the Stock Growers Association blacklisted all cowboys with a brand, and no member was to hire these men. And members were not to permit settlers or their own help to put small bands of cattle into the herds of Association members.

There is conclusive evidence, however, that Otto Franc and other Big Horn Basin cattlemen violated these rules. Franc, it is said, hired at least one puncher he trusted even though the cowboy owned a brand.

Across the Big Horn Mountains to the east the problem of the alleged "rustling" nester came to a head in 1892 with the Johnson County War. In the Big Horn Basin at that time there were no doubt [redacted]ttery cattlemen, and probably [redacted]ttery nesters. One tragic occ[redacted]seemed to be the direct result of hard feelings between the two factions.

Two young men, Dab Burch and Jack Bedford, who had hired out as punchers for various outfits, owned places and small herds of their own. Somehow their names became associated with rustling gangs—whether or not they were guilty will never be known.

With the 1892 fall beef roundup underway, warrants were served on Burch and Bedford for horse stealing. After a hearing, they were tied to their horses and started for Buffalo, across the Big Horns to the east for a trial. They were guarded by John T. Wickham and Joe Rogers, both said to be livestock detectives.

Wickham and Rogers appeared some time later claiming they had been ambushed and the prisoners taken from them. The bodies of Burch and Bedford were found near the trail. The two stock detectives soon left the country in disgrace, most settlers believing they had murdered Burch and Bedford. The truth about the affair was never resolved.

Also it will never be known if Franc had any part in the plot. At the time of the murders Franc was on roundup with Lovell at the north end of the basin, near Pryor Gap. It was said that he appeared nervous and uneasy, and that he had 5,000 rounds of ammunition cached in the bed of the mess wagon. Many believed he was expecting the same kind of trouble that had erupted into the Johnson County War a few months earlier.

It is a puzzle. Would the man who was a friend of the small settlers, who evidently had accepted their coming, enter into such a conspiracy? If so, he must have felt certain of the guilt of Burch and Bedford. Whether Franc was involved or not, this affair lost him none of the liking and esteem of his neighbors.

SO FRANC saw the passing of the cattle baron era. The Big Horn Basin remained cattle country, but by 1905 the stock was owned by hundreds of small ranchers rather than a dozen big outfits. And in 1897 there were more sheep than cattle there.

In Omaha in 1900 with a small shipment of cattle, Otto Franc admitted,

(Continued on page 62)

Early-day Cody, Wyoming.

Courtesy Stimson Photo Collection; Wyoming State Archives & Historical Collection

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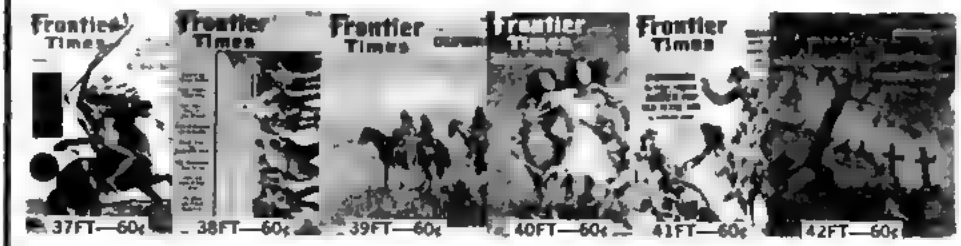

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"Ours used to be a great cattle country, but it is mostly sheep now, and they are driving the cattle out. I used to run 20,000 cattle on my range! Now I keep 1,200."

Franc was still prosperous, and the Pitchfork still a good outfit, however, because he had anticipated the inevitable. His changed method of operations made no cut in his payroll. He continued to hire as many men as he had in former years, though his farm hands outnumbered his cowpunchers.

Always having a keen interest in other people, Franc was adviser to many. Red Palmer, one of the best bronc busters in the basin, told of the time when Franc urged him to write to a girl in Illinois. Red had never written a letter, so Franc supplied paper, pen, ink, and advice. After Palmer laboriously wrote the letter, he rode eighteen miles to Meeteetse to mail it; but Edna Wilson, in the post office, derided his efforts and rewrote the letter for him. (During Palmer's later years, spent in California, he wrote many letters concerning the early days, so Otto Franc's encouragement bore fruit.)

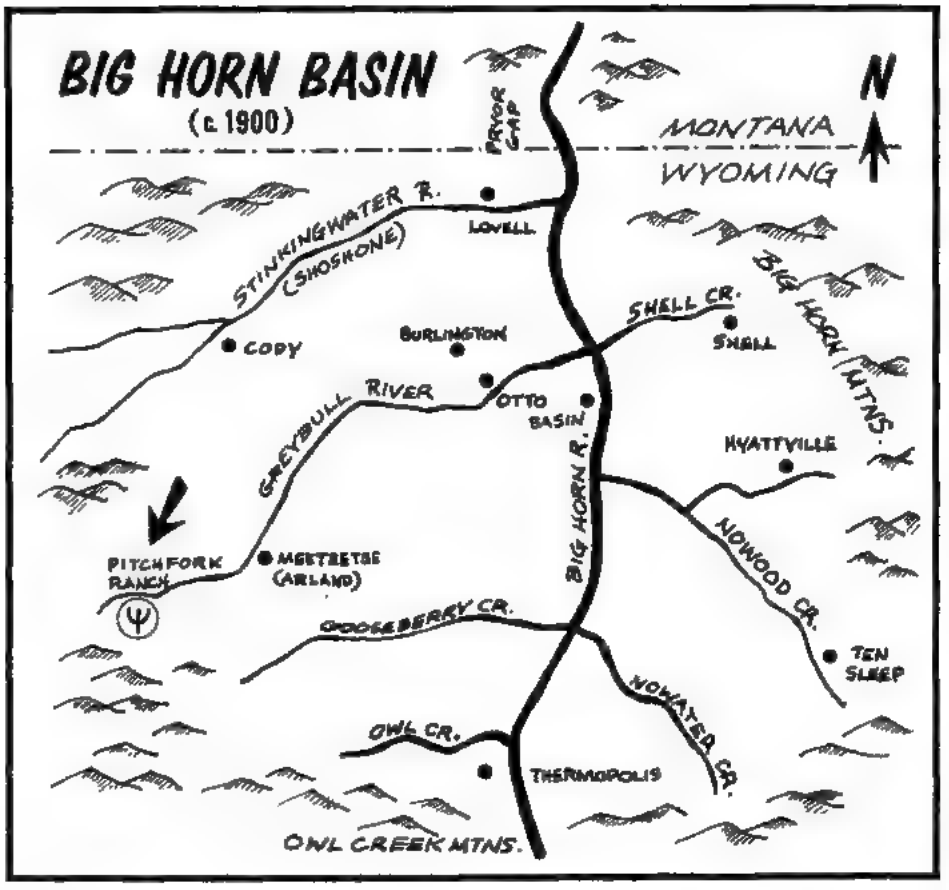
Edna Wilson, the belle of the country, was later drowned in the Big Horn River, but it was known that Otto Franc had offered to lend her the money to go away to school.

Josh Deane, as an early dispatch carrier for the government, met Franc, with Texas Jack, on his first tour of the basin. In the late seventies Deane had a private mail route, charging twenty-five cents for a letter, and fifty cents a pound for delivering tobacco. One time, before regular mail routes were established, Franc sent Deane the hundred miles to Lander to get the mail. Arriving back at Pitchfork Deane walked into the dining room, full of news. Finally, Franc asked him for the mail and Deane stared, dumbfounded. He had forgotten to bring it back!

The pioneer circuit rider, Reverend Louis Thompson, traveling over the basin, held services in any available building. In his notes he said, "Otto Franc kindly granted me the privilege of holding services in his house, his large dining room being used for this purpose. He usually had between forty and fifty in his employ; they formed an interesting audience."

The life of Otto Franc proved many of the old-time rules for success, but it contradicted the attitude history assigns to the big cattle barons—the dogged belief that they had discovered this country, by all rights it was theirs, and they did not intend to be displaced by the sheepman, the nester, or the rustler. Perhaps it was Otto Franc's wise assessment of the situation, his acceptance of it, that served as an example to more intolerant and impulsive citizens, thereby making the transition in the basin almost free of friction.

If Franc did allow more foolish heads to prevail in the Burch and Bedford affair, he must have regretted it very much. Those who knew him best said that he was never the same after that event. Appearing extremely nervous, he even had an armed bodyguard much of the time.



On the evening of November 30, 1903 Franc took his shotgun and went out to shoot rabbits, a customary pastime. When he did not return at his usual hour a search was made. His body was found alongside a wire fence through which he evidently had been crawling. He was shot in the heart by his own gun. There were rumors, of course, that it was suicide, or murder, but officially it was called an accident. He was buried at nearby Meeteetse.

The last riddle concerning Otto Franc, the truth of his death, will never be known, but what is certain is that he had earned, and never lost, the respect and liking of the community. As the Mormon settlers of 1893 said, "Otto Franc was always good to us."

The First Comanche Cowboy

(Continued from page 29)

interpreter, especially on a Saturday or holiday. I never knew of one working in my time.

I can imagine Charley Ross being severely criticized for taking the job with Burnett, after just arriving home from Carlisle. Probably Captain Pratt got the blame for corrupting him. But Charley had worked for German farmers in Pennsylvania on his outings from school, and also in a metropolitan store as a stock boy. He knew the satisfaction of having his own money in his pocket when he needed it—of not having to wait until someone handed him something.

It was Charley who brought me the news that I had been made a Comanche, and given a Comanche name, Pa-ra-da-deah. "Now all Indians will know you are to be trusted," he explained. "Your friends know, but now a strange Indian can know, for you have a Comanche name."

WE HAD our last visit the fall of '38, two years before Charley died. He didn't ask me how many cars I owned, how many rooms were in my house, or how much money was in my bank account. He wanted to know what education my children were receiving—both the boys and the girls. I told him my older son had taken a law degree; that the younger was planning to be a lawyer also.

"It is a great honor for you—your sons following you in the law, as you followed your father." He was remembering my father as the first Judicial Officer in our area, a forty-mile block in any direction, as being learned in law.

About my daughters, I told him both had become teachers. He seemed especially pleased with the girls' efforts, and told me that he, too, had educated his daughters to teach.

I found it necessary, a couple of times, to phone Mrs. Cato, Charley's daughter. Once, when she and I had finished talking, Mr. Cato came on the line. He said he had been forced to retire from teaching music in the Riverside Indian School because of trouble with his eyes. Having time on his hands, he had made a list of the number of school years Charley's progeny had taught. At the close of that school term, the spring of '67, the list totaled forty-seven years.

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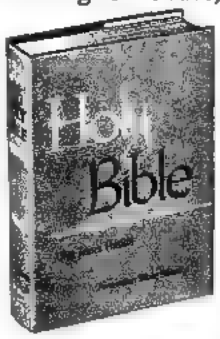

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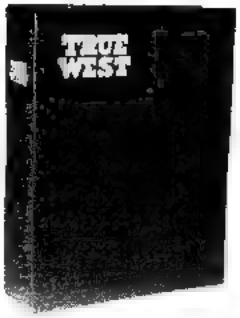

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Che-appy, born into a stone-age environment with his tribe fighting a war for their very existence, had entered the white man's world, made a success of his life, and in addition projected himself forward into the lives of his children and grandchildren.

His son, Given, the youngest child, never taught. Charley's death and World War II interrupted his schooling. But he has made a career with the Santa Fe Railroad, and his daughter completed her degree and won a scholarship in Sweden.

The Comanches' war trails ended in 1875, but early in this century when I first met up with them, many of the old warriors were living. Few men past the age of forty-five had ridden to war. I wondered why Charley wore his braids. Otherwise, both in dress and conduct, he followed the white man. It was only after I came away to school, and was separated from them for a while, that the thought came to me: The braids were his tie to the old fellows who needed him. It was his way of telling them that though he was learned in the white man's ways, he remained one of them, a Comanche.

Among my many mental images of Charley is his mounting his horse in front of my father's trading store from the left—a hangover from his ranching days; sitting in a huge brush arbor, translating the sermon of a white minister to a Comanche audience; sitting beside an Indian witness in a courtroom, interpreting the Indian's testimony for the benefit of a white jury; sitting in a legislative committee room putting the old fellows' wishes into words the legislators could understand. I was proud of Charley's friendship and of his accomplishments. I wondered if Mr. Burnett, the man who gave Charley his first step into the white man's world, didn't feel a glow of pride, too.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

company and followed the movies to California where he became a star in silent Westerns from 1916 to 1928. He owned his own production out of Universal Studios and worked with many of the Western and dramatic actors of that time including Wallace and Noah Beery, John Barrymore, and Tom Mix. Morrison also befriended and helped a young man named Duke Morrison, who later changed his name to John Wayne.

I had the privilege of knowing both Mr. and Mrs. Morrison for years. I wish I had the ability to record some of the exciting and humorous tales told by firelight at their home near Golden, Colorado. Pete Morrison passed away February 5, 1973 at the age of eighty-two.

I surely do enjoy your publications and read them from cover to cover then pass them on to some "uprooted" Easterners who have made the West their home and

A SUBSCRIPTION TO HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES makes a very special gift.

SEE PAGE 50

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Crossed continents—and double-crossed friends—

Conquered nations—and surrendered their souls—

Settled states—and unsettled hearts and minds—

Been cursed and cured—known power and pain—

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Pete Morrison (far left) in a scene from one of his westerns, "Santa Fe Pete."

now would never leave. They read them cover to cover and pass them on where the process is repeated. Thank you for the fine articles.—Mrs. C. Dale Haus, 2444 Garrison, Lakewood, Colorado 80215

Lightning

On reading Walt Coburn's article, "The Indestructible Johnny Mullens" I noticed the mention and picture of the Richard Ringling bucking horse, Lightning. I think this horse is one that my dad, Joe McLees, sold to the rodeo bucking string. I wonder if anyone could tell me the brand on the horse Lightning? If he is the one I have in mind, he would have worn a ⋊H on his left thigh.

I sure enjoy your magazine and would really appreciate any information on the bucker, Lightning.—Mrs. Frances Kelly, Miner Route, Emigrant, Montana 59027

Nebraska Homestead

May I put in a correction on a Trail sent in by Robert Ellwood, Brainard, Minnesota in the June 1973 issue of TRUE WEST. He wrote about the first homestead in Nebraska by a Sam Fremont. The correction should be Daniel Freeman, as he got the first claim for a homestead in Nebraska as well as the U. S. He drove an open team to Nebraska City. It was called the Brownville Land Office then. Under the homestead act, any man or woman over twenty-one could secure title to 160 acres of public land by living on it for five years and paying a fee of $18. Thus Daniel Freeman, a Union soldier, home on furlough, gained first filing of a homestead. He had previously had squatters' rights to this land which is on Cub Creek where he had broken the ground and built a log cabin and stables on his quarter section of land. It was used at one time as a stage station, as it was on the oldest Oregon Trail route from Independence, Missouri running yet, about forty miles west.

Anxious to secure his title under this new law, Freeman found that the land office wouldn't be officially open till January 2, 1863, the day after he had to be on his military post. But at a New Years party, he met a young assistant of the land office and by telling him of his having to be at the military post in a day or so, this young man took Freeman out to the office to sign the papers as it then was midnight and the beginning of a new day. This made him the first homesteader in Nebraska.

In 1865 he married Agnes Suiter and returned to his homestead. He later built a brick home which burned and he rebuilt it on higher ground. His land grew from a quarter-section to 840 acres. The home and buildings are being restored. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Freeman are buried near this home. There is a stone marker in memory. The stone was taken from the old state capitol building when it was torn down. The Freeman homestead was declared a National Monument March 23, 1936.

My father, mother and five children came to Beatrice in 1898 in a covered wagon. Father soon traded the wagon and team for a lot and a two-room house in West Beatrice and another brother was born here. Dad later sold this little home and rented a place on the corner of Court and Summer and I was born there in 1903. Later Dad died and Mother went back and bought the home place. By this time two more rooms had been added. Mother raised all seven children there. My five brothers were all in World War I from Gage County.—Mrs. Ethel Rorabaugh Huddleson, 1622 Douglass Road, Stockton, California 95207

Unheralded Great

Jess Stahls was a Negro cowboy from Salinas, California. We had a hotel in Miles City, Montana, and one year Jess Stahls was on our letterheads. This boy was a great rider but never received any prizes as he was a colored boy. I would sure like to see his picture in TRUE WEST. I would also like to find out more about him. Jess passed away forty years ago.—J. E. Hilton, 224 S. Pardise Mesa, Arizona 85208

Jess Stahls

Familiar Names

When I get hard up for reading material I often turn back to my files of TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and RELICS. I have some copies of OLD WEST and GOLD! bought now and then from newsstands.

Last night I pulled out True West for April 1970 and in paging through it again I discovered it contained a "Jackpot" of names of friends and acquaintances—mostly acquired through your publications. Let me list them—Neil Morgan, a friend of many years at S. D. newspaper where we both worked; Stuart Lake, whom I got acquainted with at U. S. Grant Coffee Shop just a few years before his death; Carolyn Lake, whom I have never met personally but know of through her father; and four of whom I have exchanged letters with as a result of reading Western Publications: Joe Snell, Walt Thayer, Arthur H. White, and Al Napoletano. All of the above names were in this *one issue!*—Wendell E. Smith, 1635 Alpine Terrace Road, Alpine, California 92001

SEE PAGE 5

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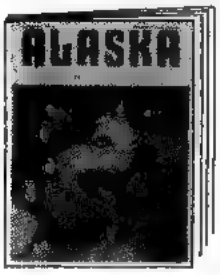

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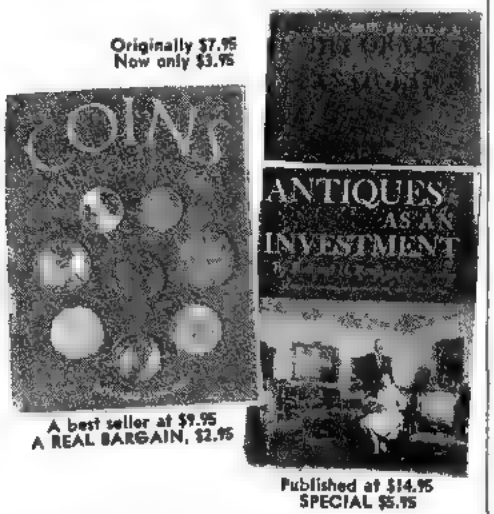

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 59)

Peeks related? Want any information on David Drennan, dates, parents, wife, children, etc.

James Drennan was born in Ireland, age fifty-six; Dicey, age forty-eight, born in Georgia; N. J. (female), age nine, born in Tennessee; William A., four, born in Tennessee. Want any information available on James Drennan and family. Some of these later moved to Texas.—Nora Cox Drennan, Route 2, Box 52-A, Winnsboro, Texas 75494

Appleby-Hughes

I am trying to locate any living relatives of Eon John Appleby; my great-grandfather. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio. He married a woman by the name of Adelaide E. Hughes. I know only of one child, Leona, born in 1901. Then there was a divorce because he was an entertainer and traveled all over the country. He was known as "Professor" and played the banjo. In the early 1900s he was the "Banjo King" and traveled the circuits with other entertainers. I would like to know anything about him or his wife.—Ralph Andersen, Box 454, Snowflake, Arizona 85937

Brosius

My great-uncle, George D. Brosius, born November 2, 1844 in Clover [Clouse?] Township, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, was last known living in Richland, Iowa in July 1885 with his wife Emma. No more is known about him or his descendants. He was one of ten children of John Brosius and Catherine (Kathryn) Boughman; all remained in Pennsylvania. Names were Elijah, Rosanna, John, Jacob, Solomon, Phoebe, Laurence, Catherine and Esther. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of any of his descendants, please write.—Mrs. Dean J. Huber, Route 2, Box 30, Summerville, Pennsylvania 15864

Grau

I'm trying to find out what happened to my great-grandfather, George Grau. He was born in a little town in Germany Called Byron, in the county of Bavaria in the early 1800s. He came to America in the late 1800s and married my great grandmother, Abalonia Nesttlebeck, soon after settling in Columbus, Ohio. His profession was a whiskey salesman. Around 1894 he went West and hasn't been heard of since. He had two daughters, Julia and Margaret, a sister named Julie and a brother named Adam.

Anyone having any information, no matter how small, to help solve this mystery, please write.—Carol L. Graves, 835 Hart Road, Columbus, Ohio 43223

Hierld

I would like to hear from anyone with the name Hierld or anyone whose ancestors had that name. My grandmother's maiden name was Louisa Hierld. Supposedly she was German. She had two sisters and one or two brothers —names unknown. The sisters' names were Sara and Mary. Sara married a man named Perkins. Mary married a man named Lewis. They had two children—a girl Eta (Eter) and a boy John, and lived at Marlow, Oklahoma.

Louisa (Lou) married Romoudus (Bud) Beall at Fort Worth, Texas some time between 1870 and 1875. Her father's sister, Imaline Hierld, married Bud's cousin, Oath Beall and they had a boy named Mack.—Mrs. Ollie Redding, 75 Blaine Street, Fillmore, California 9301

Ripley

I would like information about the family of my father, Lewie Scott Ripley. He had an uncle, Jake Ripley, said to have been the first red-headed Ripley. My grandfather, George Washington Ripley, was born in 1834 in Urbana, Illinois and was Jake's brother. They were the children of William and Mary Elizabeth Scott Ripley. Jake went to Texas and was not heard from again. Would like to get in touch with anyone knowing the Jake Ripley family or any descendants.—Ida Indiana Ripley Hite Route 1, Prairie Grove, Arkansas 72753

Gossett

I would like to hear from some of my mother's folks. Her name was Gossett. Her father was Gabriel Gossett. He was in the Civil War. They lived in Alabama and Mississippi. My father had one brother, John, who fought with the North during the Civil War. He was never heard from again.

My father's name was William Calvin Cox, of Mississippi. My mother was born in 1862 in Alabama; my father in 1856. My brother said my father was born in Mississippi but I seem to remember him saying he was born in Illinois. I think he was killed in the Civil War but I am not sure. Dad had one sister whom he called Tang. That is the only name I know her by.—Effie Slizewski, 125 Oliver, Hot Springs, Arkansas 71901

West

I am seeking information of my great-grandfather, Barney West of North Carolina. We have no record of when or where he was born. My grandfather, Wilson West, was born June 1, 1824. He said when he was six months old Barney sold out and moved to Tennessee, about 125 miles east of Nashville. He was a farmer.

Grandpa said the mountains were so steep they had to pick corn and throw it down the mountainside until they could get a wagon up to lead the corn in the wagon. We don't know when he died. Barney had a brother, Isaac, but we don't know if he went to Tennessee. Grandfather Wilson had a brother named Anderson and one named Henry, I think. He had three sisters, Katy, Fanny and Julia. One married a Copeland and one a Stamp. I don't know about the others.

When Wilson was a young man he worked on a flatboat on the Mississippi River. In 1849 he married Nancy Jan Jackson, the daughter of Andrew Dawson and Alcy Carlock Jackson of Overton County, Tennessee. In 1855 he started to Texas. When they got to Kentucky, I believe Baxter County, my father, Sim

(Continued on page 72)

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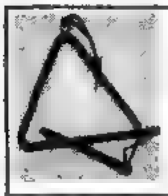

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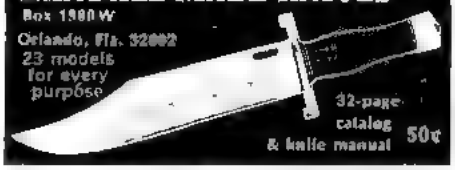

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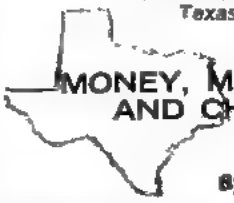

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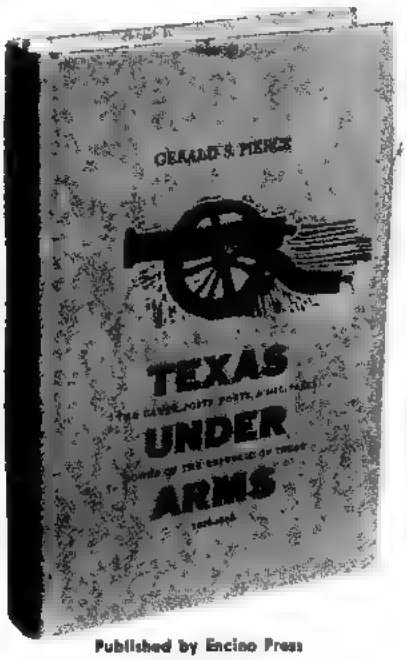

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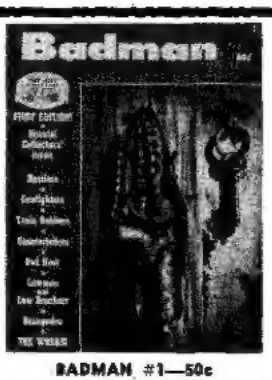

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West, was born. Then they moved on and when they got to Arkansas they stopped and were there four years. Then they started out for Texas again—it must have been around 1860 or 1861.

On the way to Texas they camped at a place where others had camped and the children were out playing. Dad said his little sister, just toddling around, picked up a little hand-forged claw hammer. The head is about three inches. We have no idea as to its age but it has been in the family over 100 years. They finally made it to Texas and lived for a time in Grayson County before finally settling in Cooke County.

Grandfather Wilson West never went back to Tennessee and none of the family ever came to Texas, so we never saw any of grandfather's people. I was a very small child when grandfather died, so I know only a few things that have been handed down.

I have always been proud of the West name—so much that when I grew up I married a West—an instance where the bride, groom and officiating minister were all Wests and not related.—Mrs. Amy West, 356 Downing Blvd., San Leandro, California 94557

Galyan-Golyan

My grandmother married John Henry Young of Memphis, Missouri County of Scotland, March 3, 1886. Her name on the certificate was Emma Galyan, under eighteen years. Witness Mary D. Wilson, mother. My father said her name was Emiline Francis Golyan. He disagreed with the spelling of Galyan but we have a copy of the license. Would appreciate any information about her.—Mrs. Leslie Boynton, Route 3, Box 149, Emmett, Idaho 83617

Rice

I am trying to find out where the family of Taylor Tobias Rice originated. He was born in Alabama about 1850 as he was located in Tippah County, Mississippi in the 1880 census. At that time he listed a wife, M. C., born in Alabama; three boys, James Rogan, Taylor Tobias, and Richard C., ages six, four and three. James Rogan was my grandfather. T. T. as he was known, listed his mother born in Alabama and his father in South Carolina. He was a plantation owner in Mississippi. He migrated to Texas, around Denton. We believe he then married again but his wife's name is unknown to us. They had two girls, Martha and Maggie. He was living at Wetumka, Oklahoma when he died Christmas Day in 1925.

James Rogan Rice married Idaho Joan Harding about the turn of the century, 1900. She was the daughter of Elijah Dillard Harding and Mary Matilda Skaggs or Scaggs. Both of them are buried at Bristow, Oklahoma.

Five children were born to James and Idaho: four boys, Rogan James, Hiram Moore, Carl, Fred W.; and Lula Maye, the daughter.

All the boys are deceased now; two are buried in California, one in Washington State and one at Wetumka, Oklahoma. The sister lives in Dumas, Texas but due to the separation of her parents, she knows very little about the family. Anything at all about the Rice, Harding or Scaggs families is welcome.

Also would like information about Frank S. Legg, born at Neosho, Missouri in 1864. He married Rosa Belle Reed or Read. They had two children—a boy and a girl; Ollie married Hattie Freeman and Retta married George Utley. After the death of Rosa, Frank married Dora Belle Rayon, born in Knoxville, Tennessee. She was the daughter of Thomas Rayon and Martha Jane Reeves or Reaves. No other facts are known, except that they were married in Noel, Missouri in 1894. They had nine children, Elizabeth Leona, Earl W., Loyd James, Jasper L. (deceased), Sylvia Faye, Walter Vic, Ernest O., Velma E. and Ruford L.

Sylvia married Hiram M. Rice in 1922 in Bristow, Oklahoma. I am their daughter.—Aldean Rice Larsen, 863 Fremont Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah 84104

Hill

Mae Hill lived near Hawkeye, Missouri. If she is still living please contact Tom or T. J. Johnson. I would appreciate any information.—T. J. Johnson, Boise City, Oklahoma 73933

Blair

I am interested in corresponding with anyone who knows anything about Jacob Blair, Jr. or his brothers and sisters. Jacob's first name was probably William because we found out through a marriage form that his parents' names were William and Frances. We know that Jacob was born in Pike County, Kentucky. He lived in Virginia and fought for the South in the Civil War. In 1864 he moved to Minnesota and lived there for a while. Then because of health conditions, he came in a covered wagon to Texas in 1877 and died somewhere near Denton, Texas.—John Blair, Route 1, Box 293, Onalaska, Washington 98570

Powell

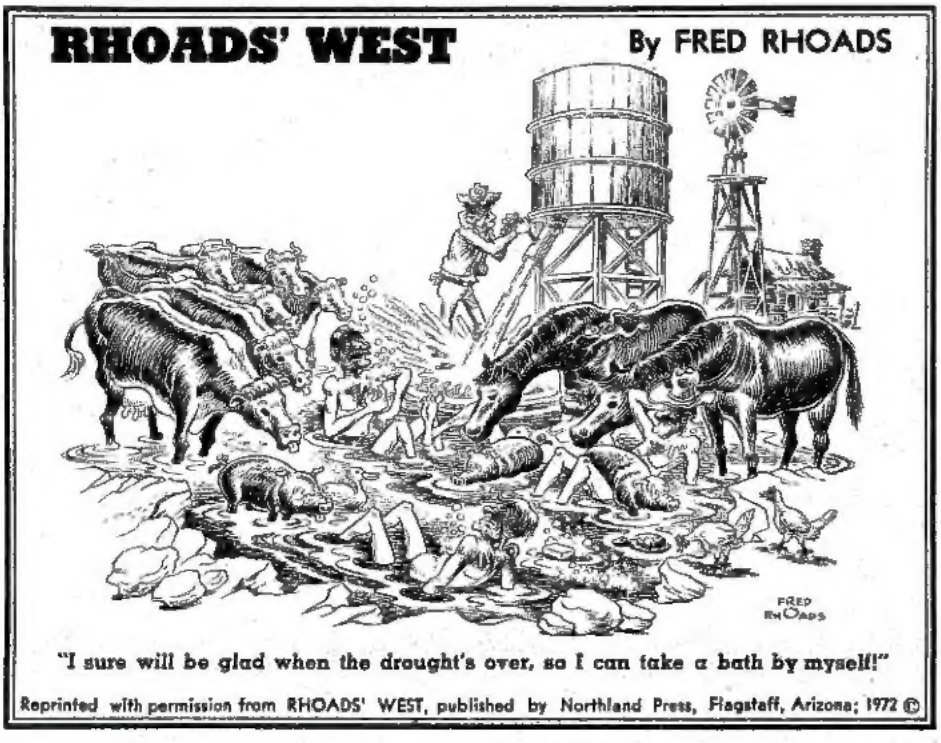
I would like to hear from anyone who may know of the descendants of John Powell, probably born in Georgia in the mid-1800s. John was supposedly last heard of around Dallas, Texas. He had a brother, James Douglas Powell, born May 23, 1855 in Georgia. James came to Texas and married Sue M. Rankin September 7, 1876 in Wilson County, Texas where eight children were born. They were Charles, James, Maud, Guy, Clyde, Vernon, Ollie and Terrell. James and baby son Terrell died in 1895 in a fire that destroyed their home. His wife Sue died eight months later. Family Bible and other records were probably burned in their home.—Mrs. Guy E. Powell, Box 556, Center Point, Texas 78010

Clay

I would like any information on my grandfather, Charles Clinton Clay, born in Clinton, Iowa. He was the son of Julia Palmer of Iowa, born 1895-1900 (?). He resided in Park Rapids, Minnesota and married Sophia Knutsen who died in 1919. He left Minnesota about 1923. Uncles are known to have resided in Denver, Colorado and Stockton California. The last known address was Aneta, North Dakota.—Jon Clinton, 6104 N. Lidgerwood, #1, Spokane, Washington 99207

Yates

I would appreciate help in locating the families of the following people or someone who may have known them. Luther Stanfield was last heard of near Tom, Oklahoma about 1932. Johnny Yates, known as Long John Yeates, was last heard of in Stockton, California in 1947.—A. L. Tomison, Box 363, Waterford, California 95386



"I sure will be glad when the drought's over, so I can take a bath by myself!"

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5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
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42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x9½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
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47—Wagons Westward, 11½x16
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
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83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
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93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
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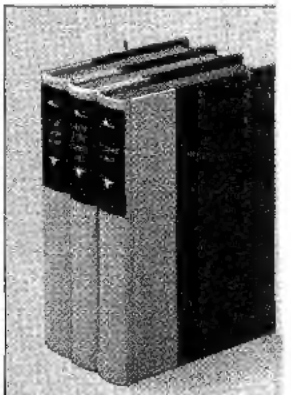

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